

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME. Page 48.

PEEPS AT GREAT CITIES

PARIS

BY

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WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR

BY

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LONDON

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1910

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BY ALLAN STEWART

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PARIS

CHAPTER I

PARIS

EVERY great city in the world, from Troy downwards, has been beloved by its own inhabitants, but there is, perhaps, no city so much loved by the inhabitants of other countries as Paris. Nearly everyone who has ever visited it falls under its charm, and to all who have at one time or another lived there its name brings up happy recollections. Paris is cosmopolitan ; it has drawn to itself people from all over the world, of every race and nationality, and yet it has remained in itself curiously uninfluenced. In spite of all the improvements and alterations made during the last hundred years, of the vast number of visitors who come there yearly, and of its own extensive foreign population, Paris is as characteristically French to-day as it was in the time of the Revolution. The real spirit of the city has remained unchanged, and it is largely through preserving its own character intact that it appeals so strongly to the people of other lands.

Paris does not set itself to imitate other cities. It has its own manners and customs, its own ways of doing things, and you must take it as it is. If you

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find some inconveniences, you will put up with them for the sake of all else that Paris gives you—its beautiful streets and gardens, its museums, its art galleries, its theatres, and amusements.

Paris is one of the richest cities in the world, and its wealth is added to constantly by the numbers who come here on business or pleasure. It is the visitor who supports very largely the commerce of the city. Fortunes are spent here yearly in clothes alone, for Paris has always been the centre of the world's fashions. From all over the globe people who have money to spend come to Paris to spend it. In a sense it is the playground of other nations, for in no other city is the pleasure-seeker so catered for at every turn. To pass along the Grand Boulevard of an evening, at an hour when the audiences are dispersing from the theatres, and every café and restaurant is a blaze of lights, one might well imagine that the majority of people here had no other aim than to amuse themselves. Gaiety is in the very air of Paris, and relaxation, after the day's business is over, is an actual necessity to countless hundreds. Nowhere else do people work so hard or enjoy themselves so wholeheartedly.

It has been said that to the Parisian home has no meaning, that he spends his leisure time preferably at the café or on the street. This is only partly true, and it must be remembered that French people are by nature of a much more sociable temperament than the English. They like to spend their time in the company of other people, even of strangers, to share

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their pleasures. And, secondly, the Parisian really loves his city. He loves its streets, its buildings, its attractions. He interests himself in the crowd that passes before him continually, as he sits outside his favourite café of an evening. Even though he has little or no money to spend, that does not matter. He likes to spend his time out of doors instead of shut within four walls ; and in Paris there is a much greater inclination to go out than in many other cities. Everyone feels it, and American or English people living here fall into the habit quite as readily as the Parisian himself.

Paris has a very large English-speaking population in addition to that of other races. Certain quarters are inhabited almost entirely by English and Americans. There are two newspapers in English published daily, and in many of the shops English is spoken and understood. In all matters of sport the Parisians aim to copy the English very closely, and English tailors have a great vogue here. Paris is by no means so pre-eminent in the question of men's clothes as in those of women.

French people are, as a rule, very courteous and sympathetic towards foreigners. They will take pains to try and help a stranger, to give him assistance wherever possible, and will somehow contrive to make themselves understood and to understand in return, even if they know scarcely a word of the language he speaks, or they will put themselves out to go and fetch someone who does. It is a part of the interest they take in everyone. With only the scantiest know-

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ledge of French it is possible for a stranger to find his way about Paris, to shop, to visit places of interest. All the large shops, too, keep special interpreters, who will take you in charge, accompany you throughout, and help you with whatever purchases you want to make.

There is a police regulation that everyone who stays in Paris must, on arrival, fill in a paper stating his nationality, name and address, and other personal particulars, which paper is registered at the police-station. This is to enable the police to identify anyone immediately in case of accident or any other complication, and there is a heavy fine if it is discovered that your name has not been registered. It is the business of a hotel manager or the concierge of a house to supply these particulars of every stranger staying under their roof.

Paris is still a walled city, though it has outgrown its walls many times. The Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin—old stone archways, which stand now at crowded crossings—were once the actual gates of the city. There is a quaint superstition connected with the Porte St. Denis, that, whichever one of a new-married couple passes first under the gateway will be ruler in the household. Often, after a wedding among the working-classes, the fiacre containing the bridal couple, with its white ribbon tied on the coachman's whip, will pass near the Porte St. Denis, and the instant the carriage pauses there will be a race between the bride and bridegroom, dodging through the traffic, to see which shall reach the gate first.

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The present walls, called the fortifications, surround the entire city, and to enter Paris by road you must pass through one or other of the many gates. The fortifications are very high, steep walls, with a sort of grassy moat or ditch below them. The top is broad, sloping gradually back to the level of the ground. People can walk on it, and children make a fine playground of the grassy space at their foot. There are cannon set at intervals, soldiers keep sentry duty, and in case of a siege the gates can be closed and the walls defended as they were in the Middle Ages.

Besides the customs duty at all French seaports, there is also a special city duty or tax on many articles, especially of food, taken into Paris. This duty is called octroi. At all the railway-stations and at the city gates there are posted officials whose duty it is to examine all baskets and packages taken into the city. As a rule they merely glance at those who pass by, but occasionally someone will be stopped, and their basket or bundle searched before they are allowed to go through. There is an especially heavy duty on petrol, and whenever an automobile leaves the city, even on a short trip, the driver stops at the gates to have the amount of petrol he is carrying registered, and obtain a receipt ; otherwise he would have to pay duty upon it on re-entering, and he can only bring in free the same quantity he took out. All vehicles also pay a small toll on entering or leaving the city.

There are extensive suburbs beyond the fortifications, and some of them, along the banks of the Seine,

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are very delightful in summer. Not so very long ago these were mostly little country villages, but as the town has grown their country features have disappeared. There are still many places within half an hour of Paris itself, where one feels quite in the depth of the country, for there is none of the smoke and soot which spoils so many pretty places near London or other large cities where soft coal is burned, and everything, even quite close to Paris, looks fresh and green.

CHAPTER II

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

PERHAPS the first impression that Paris gives anyone is of noise. Parisians who visit London wonder at the noiselessness of the city. In Paris, until you get used to it, there seems to be a continual turmoil. Many of the smaller streets are cobble-paved, and over these the iron-shod wheels of carts and the horses' hoofs make a constant rumble. Bells are attached to all the harness, and even bicycles carry a bell, that jingles all the time, in addition to the horn that warns pedestrians. Add to this the shrilling of motor-horns, the untiring barking of the little watch-dogs that ride on every waggon, the calls of street-sellers, the shouting of newsmen, and the cracking of whips, and you have some idea of the noise and confusion of sounds that strike on one's ear.

The Paris carters carry enormous whips, with which

First Impressions

they can make a sound almost like a pistol-shot. They delight to go along the street cracking these, apparently solely for the pleasure of the sound, for the slow-plodding horses are so used to it that they pay no attention whatever. Some of these carters are very picturesque—tall, broad-shouldered countrymen, with wide-brimmed felt hats and blue blouses.

The Parisian cabman is fond of whip-cracking, too, though his is an insignificant affair compared with the others. There are no hansom-cabs in Paris. In winter they use closed cabs like a "four-wheeler," but of smaller build, and in summer these are replaced by little open carriages that seat two, with a tiny extra folding seat that can be let down if needed. When it rains, the driver pulls a queer-looking leathern hood over the carriage, that shuts you in almost completely. These cabs are called *fiacres*, and are nearly all supplied with taximeters. The open *fiacres* are very light of build, and have no proper accommodation for carrying luggage ; but it is nevertheless astonishing how many things the driver will contrive to pack on them, even to a bicycle or a perambulator.

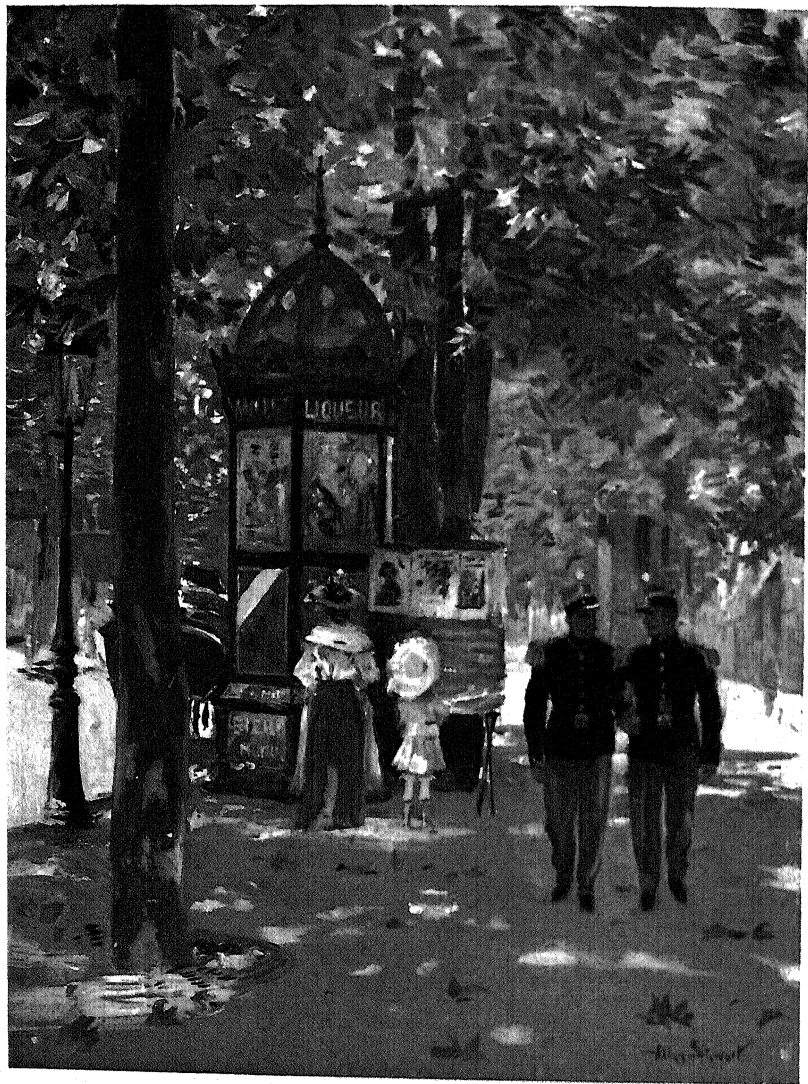
The Parisian *fiacre*-driver, or *cocher*, is as characteristic a type in his way as the London cabbie. In winter, if it is very cold, he likes to muffle himself up in a quantity of shawls and wrappings till he resembles nothing so much as a bundle of old clothes. Another habit to which he is very attached is that of carrying all his money in an ancient and dilapidated purse, which he stows away somewhere in the recesses of his clothing, and when change is needed he has to do a

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lot of unwrapping and fumbling before he can produce it. When spring comes, he discards his chrysalis wrappings, and emerges gorgeous in a blue or tan coat, generally shabby, but with plenty of gilt buttons, and a smart nosegay in his buttonhole. Some of the *cochers* wear white glazed hats, to denote that they have passed a special examination in driving and knowledge of the city. There are a few women cab-drivers in Paris, but one does not see them very often. With their business-like coats and men's hats, it is not even easy to distinguish them as they pass you by.

The hard paving is very bad for horses, and the cab-horses in particular are a sorry lot, weak-kneed and dejected-looking. One feels astonished that they can make the pace they do. In fact, one sees very few good horses in Paris, except those that pull the heavy drays, and the imported English horses attached to smart equipages in the Bois or Champs Élysées. Donkeys are very little used, though one sees one occasionally with a street-barrow. Instead, big dogs are pressed into service, and a dog and a man together will do the work that a small donkey would do in London.

The old-fashioned Paris omnibuses are drawn by three horses abreast, and they make a fine clatter as they come along the street. One sees fewer of these nowadays: the heavy, ugly motor-omnibuses are replacing them nearly everywhere. Many of the trams, too—especially those that run to and from the suburbs, are utterly hideous. They are huge cumbersome affairs of two or three cars linked together and



A KIOSK

First Impressions

driven by steam, both an eyesore and a torment to the ear. Along a crowded street these contribute in no small measure to the general din. On both trams and omnibuses there was, until recently, a uniform fare of threepence for any distance within Paris, and three-halfpence if you ride outside, or second-class.

The local trains, which run for short distances to the environs of Paris, strike one as very funny. They have seats on the roofs of the carriages, to which you climb by a little wooden ladder. These outside seats look far pleasanter than they really are, for there is a terrible draught up there when the train is in movement, and you are apt to get cinders from the engines in your eyes. They are invariably very grimy and smoky as well, so few people care to use them.

A very characteristic feature in Paris streets are the little kiosks one sees at almost every corner. They are like little octagonal sentry-boxes, placarded on the outside with advertisement posters, chiefly those of theatres. They look very gay and pretty. Newspapers are sold at these kiosks—generally by an old woman, who sits boxed up inside, and hands out her papers at the window. She has daily and weekly journals of every kind, and in many languages. Inside her little kiosk she is snug and warm, no matter what the weather may be, and usually sits placidly knitting or mending stockings during the slack hours of her trade.

At some of the kiosks flowers are sold instead. In fact, one of the first things one notices in Paris is the quantity of flowers that are on sale in the streets, at florists', at the kiosks, on barrows, down to the humbler

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seller who carries her penny bunches of lilac or mignonette in a basket. The people of Paris love flowers, and they are always given on New Year's Day, for fêtes and for birthdays. Besides the cultivated flowers—roses and carnations—one meets many old friends of the garden or country—cowslips, wood-anemones, wild daffodils, and the old-fashioned stocks and gillyflowers. About the only time one notices a scarcity of flowers in Paris is during the day or two just after Easter or Christmas, and this is because every available bloom has been already bought and disposed of.

One feature that gives Paris so much of its charm is the abundance of trees. There are so many open spaces and public gardens, both big and small, that the eye is constantly rested by some greenery. Many of the wider streets, called "boulevards," are planted with trees, and as these are kept watered and tended through the summer, they are always green and fresh, and give the streets a very pretty look. Chestnut-trees, in particular, grow wonderfully well in Paris, and in spring the streets and gardens are beautiful with their pink and white blossoms. Plane-trees are usually planted on the boulevards. They give a pleasant shade in the daytime, and at night the electric lights shining through their branches make pretty traceries on the white pavements.

One of the finest streets in Paris is the wide avenue of the Champs Élysées. This is one of the most fashionable thoroughfares in Paris, where many of the big hotels stand, and of an afternoon it is always

First Impressions

gay with a stream of carriages and automobiles driving to and from the Bois. At the end of the avenue stands the immense arch called the Arc de Triomphe, spanning the Place de l'Étoile. *Étoile* means a star, and where the Arc stands twelve big avenues meet, forming the shape of a perfect star, with the arch in the centre. This is the largest triumphal arch ever built, and was begun by Napoleon I. to commemorate his victories. One can climb to the top of it by a winding staircase inside, and from there a wonderful view can be had over Paris.

There are many monuments in Paris, and a great many beautiful statues erected in the streets and gardens. The gilded statue of Jeanne d'Arc, seated on horseback in full armour, which stands at the end of the Rue des Pyramides, is always heaped with wreaths and flowers on May 7, which is her feast-day, and nearly every house in Paris, too, is decorated on that day with flags of blue and white, her colours.

One sees many fountains, too, and it is very pleasant on a hot summer's day to see the spray falling and hear the cool splash of water in the basins. It is very hot in Paris in summer-time, but there is so much green about, and the sky is so clear, that one forgets the heat. French people leave the city in summer, but so many visitors arrive then that Paris is always gay and busy. The restaurants and cafés enjoy their best season then. You can dine out of doors if you want to, for, except in the busiest streets, nearly every restaurant has its tables set out on the sidewalk, shaded by an awning, and screened by tall shrubs growing in boxes.

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The sidewalks are wider than in an English city, and in front of every café you see people sitting at the little tables to drink their coffee and watch the passers-by. This space in front of each café is called the *terrasse*, and is used even in winter, when stoves are put there to keep one warm, and the awning, instead of shading from the sun, serves to keep off snow and rain. This custom seems very queer to English ideas, and in winter I think many of you would prefer to be snugly inside ; but in summer it is very pleasant, and it is interesting to sit there and watch the passing life of the street. The *camelots* come past, selling their different novelties—postcards, paper fans, little toys, and trinkets—and flower-girls, with beautiful long-stemmed roses, which they lay down on the table before you, in the hope that you will be tempted to buy. Sometimes a man has a couple of puppies for sale, decorated with smart bows of satin ribbon, but, although he assures you they are thoroughbred, and it breaks his heart to part with them, he is not to be believed, for his charming toy-terriers will grow to the size of young mastiffs, and his poodle-pups develop ungainly legs, and quite the wrong sort of tail.

Later, you can spend the evening at one of the open-air theatres in the Champs Élysées. These theatres, which give a sort of variety entertainment, are only open during the summer months. They stand quite in the gardens, and when they are lighted up of an evening the effect of their hundreds of little coloured lamps seen through the trees is quite fairy-like.

First Impressions

Paris seems never to go to sleep. Many of the cafés and restaurants keep open till two and three o'clock in the morning, and after the theatres are closed the boulevards are still as busy and thronged with people as in the daytime. It would seem that the thousands of visitors who come to Paris are anxious to use every minute of their stay, and not waste even a single instant in sleeping. To these crowds who frequent the cafés and places of entertainment Paris is chiefly a vast field for amusement, but long before they are thinking of going home to bed the real life of the city is already astir. The great markets are preparing their wares for the morning, and under the trees of the Champs Élysées, where a few hours ago the theatre-lights twinkled so gaily, big country waggons rumble past, loaded with cabbages and turnips, on their way to the Halles Centrales, and the daytime life of the city has fairly begun.

CHAPTER III

FRENCH HOUSES

IN Paris people do not live in individual houses, but in flats. This is why the houses are so high, for each one has a great many different families living in it. Many of the flats have balconies, and the windows are all very tall, opening like doors nearly down to the floor, with a little iron balustrade in front to keep one from falling out. Generally there are wooden shutters

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outside, called *persiennes*, which can be closed at night, and yet let the air in.

The older houses are very picturesque, especially in the narrower streets. Often they are built irregularly, so that there is a little space of flat roof, where someone who lives on the fourth or fifth floor has made a tiny garden, high above the street. French people are very fond of flowers, and will grow them wherever they can, so they make the most of whatever space they have for a little greenery.

In some quarters of Paris you see separate villas, built more like an English house ; but these belong to very wealthy people, and to get a separate little house with a garden at reasonable rent you must go quite to the outskirts of the city. Sometimes one can find a tiny one-story house of two or three rooms, built in with the big house, and opening on to the courtyard. This is called a *pavillon*, and may even have a tiny scrap of garden belonging to it. But these are difficult to find, and, as Paris is rather damp and cold in winter, they are not pleasant to live in through the winter months.

The newer houses have tiny lifts, which you work yourself by pressing an electric button to take you to whatever floor you want. They are really "lifts," for you may only use them to go up, not to come down in, and they look not much stronger than a good-sized birdcage. But in the old-fashioned houses you have to climb, and often the stairs are very highly polished, like all French floors, and quite slippery.

Most of the houses have courtyards inside, and some

French Houses

are very quaint and pretty, like a country courtyard. All have big double doors, large enough to open and let a horse and cart pass into the courtyard if necessary. These are seldom opened, for a small door is cut in the big one for people to pass in and out. The concierge, who is the caretaker of the house, lives in a little lodge on the ground-floor. It is her business to take all letters from the postman, to answer inquiries, and to keep the hall and stairways clean. At night the front-door is shut, and when you want to go in or out you must ring a bell, and the concierge opens the door for you by pulling a cord in her room. The cord hangs near her bed, so that she can pull it in the middle of the night without getting up, and if she is very tired and sleepy you have to wait till the ringing of the bell wakes her. Concierges must be up early, and work very hard to keep all in order, and they get small wages, and often only one tiny room to live and eat and sleep in. It is a wonder that some of them are as cheerful and good-natured as they are.

The French concierge is a proverbial gossip. She is on intimate terms with most of the people in the street, and, of course, knows the affairs of every tenant in her house, how many letters they get, who their visitors are, when they come in or out, and what they buy. She has a reputation for being disagreeable, which is quite unjust; it is very rarely one finds a concierge who is not pleasant and obliging. She has many duties and responsibilities, and can hardly ever take a holiday, even for an afternoon, so her only recreation is an occasional gossip with the neighbours.

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In many ways Paris has not half the conveniences we are used to. The old-fashioned flats seldom have bathrooms, and if you have a bath put in, you must take it out and carry it away with you when you leave. There is electric light in the better-class houses, but in many of the others there is not even gas, except for a tiny stove to cook by in the kitchen, and people burn lamps or candles. Gas is considered very important in Paris, so much so that in many places they even put a notice outside the houses where it is laid on, to announce "gas on every floor"; and the man who comes round to collect your gas-bill is a most important person indeed, with gold braid and a big cocked hat, who looks much more imposing than the policeman.

French flats are very pretty, with polished wood floors and red-tiled kitchens. Rugs are used, but there is no need for big carpets or oilcloth, so your flat looks quite cosy and finished as soon as you move the furniture in. These floors must be rubbed and polished every day to keep them in order. This means a lot of work for the servant, and the floors are sometimes so highly waxed that one wonders the French babies ever learn to walk on them at all.

Each room in a French apartment is thoroughly swept and rubbed every day, so dust does not collect, and there is no need for annual "spring-cleaning." Rugs are shaken out of the windows, but this must be done before ten o'clock in the morning. A French servant is, as a rule, very hard-working. There is no heavy scrubbing, but she sweeps and polishes, and



French Houses

keeps her kitchen-floor, of coloured tiles, so clean that you could really "eat off it." Many of the servants in Paris come from the country, a great many of them from Brittany. The Bretonne servants wear frequently the coif of their own province—a quaint, starched cap of fine muslin, exquisitely embroidered by hand. You see many of these coifs, of different shapes and designs, on the streets in Paris. A French servant never wears a hat out of doors when she goes on errands or to market. Unless she wears a coif she goes bareheaded, as do all the women of the working-classes.

Many peasant women from different parts of France are employed as nurses, and these wear their native costumes, some of which are very pretty. You see others in long, bright-coloured cloaks, with long satin ribbons on their caps, very wide and rich, and streaming nearly to their heels.

A French flat has a great many doors, and the rooms open out of one another in a very queer way. Sometimes one room will have as many as four doors, and nearly all have two. There are open fireplaces, but the wood or coal is burned in a little iron basket set on the flat hearth, without a fender. There is a little iron curtain in front of each fireplace, so, when the fire is not in use, you pull the curtain down, and the hearth is shut off tidily.

With so much burning of lamps, fires often take place. Paris has a splendid fire service. The engines, instead of ringing a gong, have a funny sort of horn, which sounds just like the braying of a donkey. It is

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a queer noise when you hear it for the first time, but you soon learn what it means, and as it is so unlike anything else, it serves its purpose well in clearing the street.

There are not many burglaries in Paris, and what there are take place in the daytime, for once the big door is shut, it is almost impossible to break into a French house at night. Small shopkeepers and the servants and workwomen who sleep at home are the most frequent victims. A French servant dislikes very much to put her savings into a bank. She would rather keep the money at home, hidden away in some corner, and as she will simply lock her door in the morning, and be absent all day, there is every temptation for a burglar to rob her.

CHAPTER IV

SOME EVERYDAY TYPES

THE Parisian *femme-de-ménage* is a neat, cheerful little person, as unlike the traditional charwoman as can be imagined. In addition to doing all kinds of housework, she can generally cook a passable meal and wait at table. She is paid by the hour, and in many small households takes the place of a regular servant, coming early in the morning to tidy the house, do the marketing, and prepare the luncheon, after which she goes back to her home, and returns late in the afternoon to cook the dinner. She arrives in a smart apron, for

Some Everyday Types

which she substitutes a working apron as soon as she gets in the house, and, being an economical person, will frequently remove her skirt as well, and sweep the rooms in a short petticoat. As a rule, she is thrifty, clean, and scrupulously honest, for she takes pride in keeping her clients. She feels on familiar terms with her employers, and has advice to proffer on every possible subject.

Working in so many different households, she has evolved her own habits, to which she rigidly adheres. She loves to put things away, and it does not trouble her that her ideas of tidiness are not yours. Called to the rescue, she will produce your hair-brush from a hat-box, your nightgown from underneath the mattress, your slippers from the washstand drawer, with an air of surprise that you should not at once have known where to lay hands on them. She earns fourpence an hour, and provides her own meals.

Women are employed in Paris to carry the milk and the bread, instead of men. They have often long rounds to go, and many stairs to climb, with their heavy baskets. Milk is always delivered in sealed bottles, instead of being carried in open cans from house to house, for French people are very particular about the cleanliness of all articles of food. The girls in the bakeries and milkshops have a hard life, for they frequently act as servants as well, and have to do all the work of the household when their morning rounds are finished, and they must be up and out by six in the morning.

There are many types of workers and itinerant

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merchants familiar in Paris streets. Early in the grey of the morning, at about four or five o'clock, one sees the ragpickers—strange, shadowy, ill-clad figures, who turn over the refuse and garbage-cans put out before each house. Usually a whole family works together, father, mother, and children. They sort everything thoroughly: the rags are put in one sack, papers in another, bones are picked over, and any stray object of use or value is put carefully on one side. Nothing escapes their eyes, and by the time the scavengers' carts come round there is little left to remove but ashes.

Through the daytime, too, one sees men who go about in the streets and public gardens, with a long pointed stick, gathering up the scraps of paper, and searching carefully for cigar and cigarette stumps, which they collect in a bag and carry off to be sold.

After the ragpickers have gone, and the streets are swept and washed, come the milk and bread-carriers; and, later, one sees the street merchants, especially on market-days, pushing their barrows, and crying their various wares. There is the fishwoman, with her shining herring or mackerel arranged on beds of grass; the shrimp-woman, basket on arm; the fruit-sellers; and the cream-cheese merchant, with fresh cream in jars, and tiny, curdlike cheeses in little triangular china dishes, at three sous each. The *marchande aux quatre saisons* sells fresh vegetables of all kinds, according to the season, and sometimes flowers as well, and her barrow is especially attractive.

Besides these there is the glazier, who passes about nine o'clock, with his assortment of window-glass

Some Everyday Types

carried on his back, ready to repair a broken pane where needed ; and the seller of chickweed, with his quaint cry, who plies a good trade, for many people keep cage-birds in Paris. There are herb-sellers, too—often quite tiny boys—who are very serious with their baskets of sweet-scented thyme and bay-leaves, shallots, and white glistening garlic.

A funny little tune, blown on a whistle, announces the man who mends chairs. He pushes along his cart, containing one or two old chairs and some bundles of cane, and keeps an eye on the upper windows for customers.

Dogs play a useful part in Paris. Nearly every waggon has a little dog seated beside the driver, whose business it is to guard the waggon while his master is absent. They are fussy little animals, who do a great deal of barking, and are quite sure of their own importance. If there is a block in the traffic, and two waggons meet, there is a furious yelping and exchange of insults between the respective dogs. It is funny to see them leaning out of the waggons, straining at their collars, and barking defiance the whole length of the street.

The bigger dogs are more serious-minded. Their business is to help pull a street-barrow, to which they are attached by a leathern strap, and they plod along steadily, willing, and apparently contented with their work, and with no time to spare for frivolities. They look contemptuously at the little lazy dogs along the sidewalk. They are dignified and responsible, as befits dogs who earn their own living.

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One of these dogs, I remember, used to pass often before my window. He was grey and gaunt, and rather surly, and he helped to pull the cart that took home bundles of linen from the *lavoir* near by. Between him and my little fox-terrier there existed the bitterest enmity. Whether they understood one another's language I can't say, as the fox-terrier was English, but there was no mistaking their mutual dislike. The terrier would sit comfortably at the window and jeer at him as he passed, and the big dog, without slackening his pace, would turn his head and growl back his opinion of idle, spoilt little dogs who had nothing to do but make personal remarks.

Often on the street in Paris you may see a cart pushed by a man, and containing a couple of queer copper bath-tubs and some big cans. These belong to the bath-houses, and where there is no bath in your own flat they will carry one of these copper tubs upstairs, no matter how many flights, fill it for you with hot water, and afterwards empty and take it away. Of course everyone who sees the tub carried in speculates as to which tenant is going to be extravagant enough to have a bath.

The Paris policeman, or agent, as he is called, looks rather funny to our eyes. Often he is quite a small man. He wears a peaked cap, and carries a little white baton, which he holds up to stop the traffic. Drivers mind him not in the least, in spite of his fierce moustache and gesticulations, and they will go on calmly till their horse's nose bumps his shoulder, without stopping. Often he spends his time looking

In the Streets

in at some shop-window, or chatting with the woman at the newspaper kiosk, and leaves the traffic to its own sweet will. When a crowd of impatient people have collected on either side the road, he appears leisurely, and begins to order the vehicles about, without hurrying himself in the least. He is very gallant in helping you at difficult crossings, but one feels small confidence in his authority; one is half afraid he will get run over himself. He takes elaborate notes in a little book whenever there is a collision or a quarrel between drivers, and it is then that his importance really blossoms forth. He is made much fun of in the music-halls and *revues*, where he is usually the comic figure.

CHAPTER V

IN THE STREETS

IN many ways Paris, although such a busy city, reminds one of a big village. Except in the great thoroughfares, nearly everyone you meet has an air of leisure. There is no hurrying and jostling. You see small shopkeepers standing chatting at their doorways in the intervals of business, servants pause and gossip in the street, market-basket on arm; everyone seems to know everyone else. A little girl in a pinafore, with tightly braided hair, has arranged her dolls' kitchen on the sidewalk outside some doorway, and each passer-by makes a careful *détour* to avoid upsetting her small household arrangements. Every-

Paris

where there seems an atmosphere of neighbourly friendliness.

It is astonishing what a number of small shops seem to thrive in Paris. In one short street you will find three or four little general grocery-shops, a couple of *crémeries*, bakers and cobblers almost at every turn, to say nothing of the queer little shops, often so tiny that they will only hold one customer at a time, and kept by a little old maid who sells newspapers, haberdashery, notepaper, and toilet-soap. Each one seems to do business, and each has its own clientele. You can find practically every requisite within a dozen yards of wherever you happen to live.

The grocers sell fruit and vegetables, and wine as well, for there is no licence needed in France, and wine is the everyday drink of the people. The coal-merchant, or *charbonnier*, also sells wine, for he relies on this to keep trade going during the months when coal is not needed. His shop is divided into two parts—one for the coal and stacks of logs, the other with a little zinc bar, where the workmen can come to drink their glass of wine at midday. These shops look very quaint, for the front and doorway are painted to imitate logs of wood, and from a little distance the illusion is quite good.

There are some funny shop-signs in Paris : a huge gilded key for the locksmith; a red boot for the cobbler; a curious gilt ball, with a bunch of horsehair hanging from it, before the hairdresser's ; while the dyeing and cleaning shops, of which there are many, display a sort of drapery of striped yellow and red.



CHAMPS-ELYSEES AND THE
ARC DE TRIOMPHE. *Page 11.*

In the Streets

It is not usual in Paris for a shopkeeper to put his name above the door. Instead, in survival of the old-fashioned custom, when signs were universal, he gives a name to his shop—often that of the town where he was born, or perhaps of some patron saint, or else some imaginary title, as “Au Chien qui Fume,” “Au Bonheur des Enfants.” “La Belle Jardinière,” curiously enough, is a big shop whose speciality is ready-made men’s clothing, and a large hosiery firm has shops throughout Paris called “Aux 100,000 Chemises.”

There are laundries in almost every side-street, and as you go past you can see the girls busy folding and ironing at the long tables. The man who repairs and re-tins saucepans does a good business, too, and his shop is always bright and cheerful with the shining new copper and tin displayed outside. Antiquity-shops flourish without number. Beautiful old jewellery, furniture, and porcelain are to be found in them, but the amateur must beware, for so many visitors frequent these shops with the idea that whatever they find is a bargain, that the dealers are very crafty, and fully one-half of the objects sold are not genuine.

Horse-flesh is eaten a good deal in Paris among the poorer classes ; it is not only cheap, but is also said to have particularly nourishing qualities, and is often ordered by doctors. Mule and donkey are also sold, and these shops, which are distinct from the ordinary butcher’s, have usually a gilt horse’s head over the doorway.

Besides the numerous small shops there are also

Paris

permanent stalls in the street that sell picture-post-cards, veils and perfumery, or lace. At some of these a woman sits all day making the lace for sale on a pillow, or doing fine crochet for underwear.

The small shopkeepers have a busy life in Paris. They keep open from eight in the morning till nine at night, and all day Sunday as well. They never seem to take a holiday, and the only recreation they get is in gossiping with the customers who come in to buy. They have always something to chat about, and the second or third time you go into their shop you are greeted quite as an old friend. They like to do business in a leisurely and sociable way, with quite a pause before the selection of each article. If a child accompanies you, they will generally produce a sweet biscuit or a bonbon from their store, and you would give real offence by refusing it. A rather queer custom of theirs is that, if they have not the exact change within a halfpenny, they will always prefer that you should owe the odd sou rather than they, and, even if you are a complete stranger, will trust to your memory bringing you back to the shop again to settle the debt. And yet they are notoriously thrifty people, among whom, as the saying goes, "a sou is always a sou."

There are numbers of small restaurants in Paris in every street. They cater for the cabmen and car-drivers, and also workmen, for the latter prefer here to take their midday meal comfortably, instead of carrying their own lunch, as the English workman does. These little restaurants are very cheap, and a

In the Streets

good meal, with wine, need only cost a few pence. The Parisian workman will often take his wife and family to dine at one of these restaurants on a Sunday. It is a holiday for all, the cost is very little, and the wife is saved the drudgery of preparing a heavy meal at home.

There are no public-houses in Paris. There are the small *buvettes*, such as are kept by coal-merchants, wine-shops, and the cafés of all classes ; but these latter provide coffee and similar drinks as well. Though wine is so cheap, and is sold everywhere without restriction, as are spirits and liqueurs, there is very little drunkenness. One rarely sees a drunken man, even on public holidays, and I cannot recall having once seen a drunken woman on the streets of Paris.

There are few regular tobacconists, but tobacco is sold at many of the small cafés, and wherever tobacco is sold one can buy postage-stamps as well. The licence for the two go together, and it is generally bestowed by Government as a form of pension. The tobacco depots have a curious cigar-shaped red sign hung outside, and usually an illuminated red sign at night.

CHAPTER VI

A PARIS MARKET

MARKETING is a real pleasure in Paris. There is so much to choose from, and the markets themselves are so attractive, with their many-coloured heaps of fresh vegetables and tempting fruits, their good-humoured

Paris

country stall-keepers, and the crowd of bareheaded women who come to buy. To the careful French housewife marketing is a very important part of the day's programme. She knows where to buy each article, and at what stall one finds the sweetest butter or the crispest lettuces. Very often she goes herself to market, accompanied by her *bonne*, in spotless apron, carrying the basket. She is shrewd in bargaining, and not to be deceived as to current prices.

The most important market in Paris is the Halles Centrales, to which all the growers bring their produce in the early morning. Fruit and vegetables are sold wholesale here by auction, and here the shopkeepers come to buy their stock, also the street merchants. One must be up early to see the market at its busiest. It is a picturesque sight. Sometimes a party of students from the Latin Quarter will finish up their night's frolic by a visit to the Halles Centrales, where they breakfast off hot coffee and fresh-baked rolls at one of the market-women's stalls.

There are retail markets held twice weekly in every quarter of Paris. Early in the morning the country people arrive with their laden carts; the horses are taken out, and the waggons ranged along the kerb, while their contents are set out on the wooden market-stalls. Quite a variety of things are on sale here. The market looks very pretty, with the striped awnings stretched above the stalls, the piles of golden carrots and big cauliflowers, crisp salad, and fresh fruit of every kind. There are cheeses of all shapes and sizes, big and little, round and flat; pats of real country

A Paris Market

butter arranged on cabbage-leaves, and pyramids of new-laid eggs. Even the fish and sausage-stalls are attractive. Queer things are sold at the fish-stalls—prickly sea-urchins, packed in dark brown seaweed; little scarlet crayfish, like baby lobsters; and the great French delicacy, snails. These are sold by the dozen, ready prepared, mixed with butter and chopped parsley, and packed back into the shells, which have been carefully scrubbed and scoured.

A good-natured crowd jostles between the rows of stalls, shrill-voiced women bargaining over a fowl or a cabbage, servants with their baskets, here and there a white-coifed Bretonne, trim and smiling. Above all the chatter of voices the market-people shout their invitations, keeping up an accompaniment of chaff with their customers, while they weigh and wrap deftly, or as often as not dump the potatoes and onions without ceremony into the outstretched basket. Manufactured paper-bags are rarely seen on a market-stall. The people are thrifty, and make their bags at home, of newspaper pasted together. A glance at these bags will tell you what becomes of our old weekly illustrated journals, useful to the last. They are disposed of here in quantities, as the paper is much stronger than that of the flimsy French newspapers, and you will often receive your cherries or strawberries in a sheet of the *Sphere* or *Illustrated London News*.

There are plenty of stalls where haberdashery is sold, and cotton goods by the yard; also aprons and ready-made underwear, very cheap and solid, and

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children's print frocks. You can buy artificial flowers, untrimmed hats, and men's shirts, and garter-elastic of every colour streams gaily on the breeze. A pedlar is selling lace, from a halfpenny a yard, measuring it off on a stick which he waves at intervals to encourage customers. The lace is snarled and crumpled, pulled here and there by eager hands; but much of it is hand-made, of fine thread, and astonishingly cheap. He himself stands in the middle of the tangle strewn about him on the pavement, and occasionally has to stoop to unwind a length that has twisted about his boots. He is there every week, and every week his stock is sold out, for he offers real lace at five sous that would cost fifteen in any of the big shops. He is friendly with his customers, and calls everyone *ma petite*, from the little work-girl matching insertion for her new blouse to the fat old grandmother who wants something strong for the children's pinafores.

Near him two men are holding an auction, with much joking over some lace curtains patterned with huge roses. They each take an end and tug, to show their solidity. Children pull at their mothers' skirts to entice them towards the gingerbread-stall, with its stacks of *pain d'épice*, and some little dogs edge their way between people's feet, searching for scraps that fall from the butcher's counter. There are plenty of cheap-jacks, too, who have wonderful devices for peeling potatoes, metal polishes, or tincture for toothache. On all the sun shines down cheerily.

By midday most of the business is over. The market-people can sit down to eat the lunch they have

A Paris Market

brought with them, and give oats to the horses who are patiently waiting. Later, they pack up the unsold remnants of their goods and prepare to go home. By three o'clock only the empty stalls remain, and the trampled straw and cabbage-stalks underfoot, to show where the market has been.

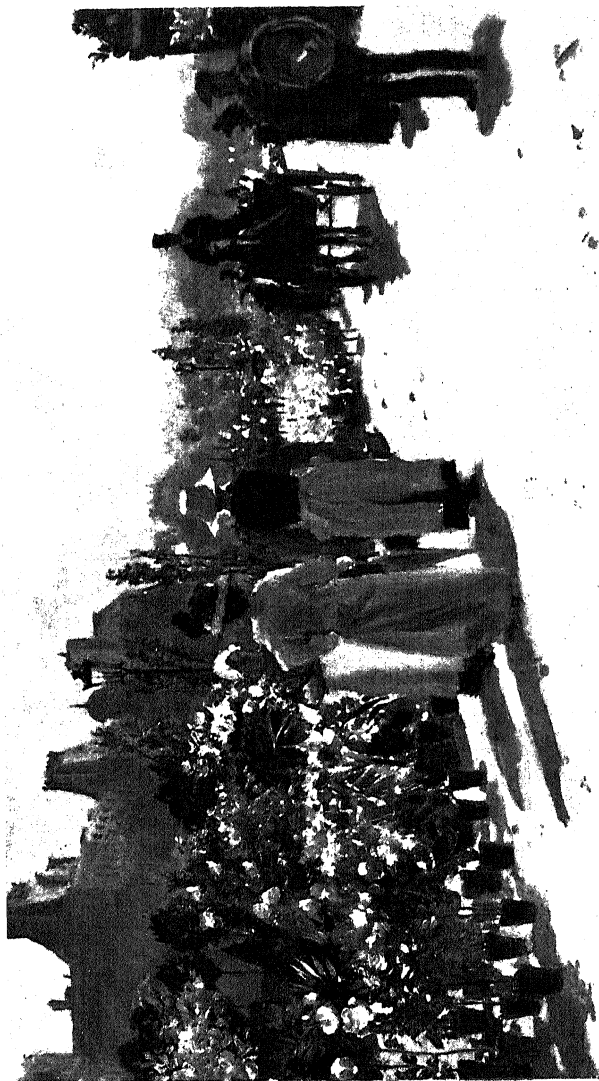
There are other markets in Paris confined to special things, as the old clothes market, the flower markets—prettiest of all—and the *Marché aux Oiseaux*, held every Sunday morning on the *Île du Cité*. Here one sees cage-birds of every kind and variety, hundreds of birds—canaries, blackbirds, nightingales, tiny strange coloured birds from the tropics, and little green parakeets, huddled together, a dozen on a perch, or hopping to and fro in their cramped, boxlike cages. The air is filled with their chirping and twittering.

On every stall the cages are piled high, and there seems no limit to one's choice, from the linnet at a few sous, carried home in a paper bag, to the aristocratic parrots, warranted to talk. It is amusing to watch the bird-seller trying to catch one particular canary out of a cage that contains fifty or more. Time and again she seizes the wrong bird, but the boy who watches, eagle-eyed, his two francs ready in his pocket, is inexorable; it must be the special canary he has set his heart on, or none. At last it is cornered and secured, whipped out fluttering in the woman's hand, and pushed into a perforated cardboard box, or, more often, the simple bag of brown paper. The boy marches off proudly, a hero before the crowd. Not everyone has the money for such a prize.

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An old man has a queer little structure like a wind-mill, glass-fronted, and literally a mass of white rats. They squirm and push and wriggle, pressing against the glass—he must have a hundred there or more. Once in a while he opens a door at the back and pulls out a rat at random, letting it run up his arm. “*Doux comme un mouton*,” he cries. “*Voyez comme il est gentil !*” He does not sell many, even at twelve sous apiece. The birds are far more popular. Strolling through the bird-market, one realizes why the chickweed-seller is such a familiar figure in the Paris streets.

Once a year, in the spring, is held the famous *Foire au Jambon*, near the *Place de la République*. This is nominally a fair for the sale of hams and sausages, but second-hand merchandise of every kind is sold, especially ironmongery, and, indeed, every article conceivable. The fair lasts three days, and attracts thousands of people. It is not in a very good neighbourhood, so it is not wise to go there of an evening, especially as the fair becomes rather rowdy after dark. A great many second-hand dealers go there to dispose of odds and ends of their stock, unsaleable elsewhere, and to pick up bargains on their own account.



In the Gardens

CHAPTER VII

IN THE GARDENS

THERE is no lack of open spaces in Paris, where children can play and romp. For a child who is obliged to live in a city, the small Parisian has certainly the happiest and healthiest life possible as regards open air and freedom. One cannot walk far in Paris without coming upon some garden or tree-planted space for little ones to make their playground.

To pass through any of the public gardens of an afternoon it would almost seem as though everything were planned and arranged for the children's pleasure. The gardens are always crowded, summer and winter, for French children, from tiny babies upwards, spend all the time possible in the open air.

One of the most famous and beautiful gardens in Paris is that of the Luxembourg, on the left bank of the Seine. More than any other, this garden is a favourite with the children. The grounds are large and shady, cool in summer, and sheltered in winter with pretty winding walks and old-fashioned alleys of chestnut-trees, and in the centre, sunken by terraces, a very large fountain, where the boys sail their boats. The wide gravelled space surrounding the fountain is so sheltered that even on the coldest days the sunshine there is warm and pleasant.

Lunch is always an early meal in France, so from

Paris

one o'clock the children begin to arrive with their nurses and parents, to spend a long afternoon under the shade of the chestnut-trees.

Some people have pitied the Parisian children for having no grass to play on. What grass there is in the gardens you may not walk on, for it is set with flower-beds, and kept always well sprayed, so that it is cool and green to look at. One sees no scorched grass in the parks and gardens, and this is one reason why they never look hot and arid in the heat of summer. All the space under the trees is gravelled, with asphalt paths here and there; and the children find this no hardship, for the little ones can make sand-pies and houses there, while the older ones play ball or have games of tag or hide-and-seek in and out the tree-trunks. The gravel is nicer, too, in winter, for it is always dry to run and play on when grass would be too damp.

There are plenty of amusements in the gardens. For a penny you can ride in a goat-carriage, making the grand tour of the fountain; or on one of the merry-go-rounds, with their funny little wooden horses and elephants. The horses are all colours—brown and bright yellow, and even crimson. Each one has his name painted on, and the children choose their favourites. Some of the horses seem to be more popular than others, and there is a scramble for these when the merry-go-round stops. It has a funny wheezy old organ, whose tunes sound all alike, and it is pushed by a man, who must find it rather hard work. Sometimes a nurse will go in one of the

In the Gardens

carriages with a child too small to ride alone. He charges her three sous instead of two for the ride, and no wonder.

Another merry-go-round has bicycles that you can work yourself if your legs are long enough. This one is always well patronized. It is worked by a jolly-faced man in a blue jersey, who gives each little rider a sweet or a paper flag at the end of the turn.

Beside these there are swings, and the Guignol Theatre, beloved of Parisian children. It is a tiny open-air theatre, where the plays are acted by wooden dolls or marionettes, something like our Punch-and-Judy show. They give a variety of plays, and almost as soon as one performance is finished another begins. All afternoon the space about the Guignol is crowded, for grown people enjoy the funny plays almost as much as the children, and as soon as the man begins to beat his drum the crowd collects. Much of the dialogue in these plays the children know by heart, but they never tire of them. There is one in particular, in which a huge rat careers about the stage, while the marionette tries to catch it under a saucepan, and this never fails to raise shrieks of delight from the audience.

Then there is the fountain already mentioned, as large as a good-sized pond, where you are allowed to sail boats. On this wide shallow basin there is generally quite a little fleet in movement. Sometimes two or more become entangled, and shipwreck is threatened. Everyone offers advice, and there is much pushing and jostling round the low stone edge of the basin ; but

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somehow or other the little craft usually manage to free themselves and drift safely back to shore. Most of the children bring their own boats to sail, but there is an old woman stationed near by who lets out boats on hire by the hour, if you haven't one of your own.

Here and there in the gardens are little kiosks, where you can buy tops and hoops and balls, and little pails and shovels for digging in the gravel. They also sell cakes and sweets. At about half-past three the kiosks are besieged by children with halfpennies, for then fresh *croissants* arrive—little crisp, crescent-shaped rolls, which are splendid to eat with chocolate. For the next ten minutes the woman who keeps the stall is busy handing them out, and if you arrive late you are lucky to find one left. Tea is not a meal in France, but children have what is called *goûter*—a little lunch of *croissants* or bread and butter, to break the long interval between lunch and supper. The tiny ones generally have a bottle of milk brought for them as well.

Like the Tuileries Gardens, on the right bank of the Seine, the Luxembourg was once the garden of a royal palace. The palace itself, a large and beautiful building, overlooks the big open space where the fountain stands, and is used now by the Senate. There are always soldiers on sentry-duty before it, and when the gardens are to be closed for the night a soldier goes through them with a bugle, warning people out.

The Musée de Luxembourg, a building which stands next to the palace, is one of the most famous

In the Gardens

art galleries of Paris, and contains the work of contemporary artists. It is free to the public. There is also much beautiful sculpture in the gardens themselves. Another ancient fountain, known as the Fontaine de Médicis, stands not far from the palace.

There is also an enclosed fruit-garden, where wonderful pears and nectarines can be seen growing on trees curiously pruned and trained, and an apiary, where, twice a week, a professor gives classes on bee-culture. It is queer to see the members of the bee-class arrive in gauze veils and thick gloves, trotting along after the professor through the little gate to where the beehives stand.

There are many thrushes and blackbirds in the gardens, and pigeons. They are very tame, and so are the sparrows, for many people like to feed them. In the Tuileries Gardens almost any day can be seen a man who makes a speciality of feeding the sparrows. He calls them by name, and the birds know him so well that they will feed from his hand and settle on his head and shoulders. Numbers of people stand to watch him. He is quite a well-known figure, and sells picture-postcards of himself and his tiny friends, which are readily bought for souvenirs.

The gardens are very beautiful in spring, when the pink hawthorn and the chestnuts are in blossom. It is pleasant to stroll there of a morning, when they are at their quietest. One sees a few nurses with babies, and perhaps a little group of girls from some orphan asylum, clad all alike, playing some round game, to which they sing in chorus, while a white-capped Sister

Paris

watches them from her bench under the trees. Their voices chime pleasantly on the stillness, and their little faces, gravely happy, reflect something of the gladness of the spring morning. A few artists are busy here and there, with easel and paint-box, for many students come to sketch here, and under one of the many chestnut-alleys a curé, in his long black soutane, walks up and down reading his breviary. It is the time then to see the gardens at their best.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE GARDENS (*continued*)

ONE can find much amusement of an afternoon in watching the different groups beneath the trees. Nearly all the women have their favourite nook, where they come day after day. Generally other friends join them, until there is quite a small gathering seated together, their chairs drawn in a circle, chatting and working. The Frenchwoman is usually skilled in fine needlework, which is taught at the convent schools, and likes to have some piece of fine embroidery or lace-work on hand to occupy her time out of doors. From the occasional shaking of heads it is to be feared that much scandal as well as other gossip gets woven in with the dainty stitches and bright silks. The children play about while their mothers sew. The rush-seated chairs are a penny each, but the habituée of the gardens will pay for one and use

In the Gardens

another to arrange her work-bag on, and the good-natured chair-keeper seldom makes objection. Usually a gaunt, sad-looking woman in rusty black, she wanders about with her little book of tickets, keeping a keen eye for new-comers, and occasionally making raids on the children, who take her chairs to play horses with.

Often two or three nurses, with their camp-stools, will settle down together; but each must keep a sharp lookout for her mistress, for if the latter arrives suddenly, and finds her gossiping, there will be a fine scene. So at sight of a skirt or hat in the distance that looks familiar, the nurse will jump up at once, and be busy shaking up the baby's pillow or arranging the frock of little Jeannette, at play with the gravel. The danger past, she goes back cheerfully again to her conversation.

One sees very little of the proverbial nursemaid flirtations in Paris. Perhaps the policemen and park-keepers are too dignified for any such frivolity; they certainly look so. And the French nurse is, as a rule, a very responsible person. She really interests herself in her charges, plays with them, talks to them, and, if she engages occasionally in gossip with another nurse, it is seldom to the children's neglect. She watches them all the time while they play, directing, advising. The children love her, and are perfectly happy in her care. Frequently she is a middle-aged woman, who in her girlhood nursed the present baby's mother.

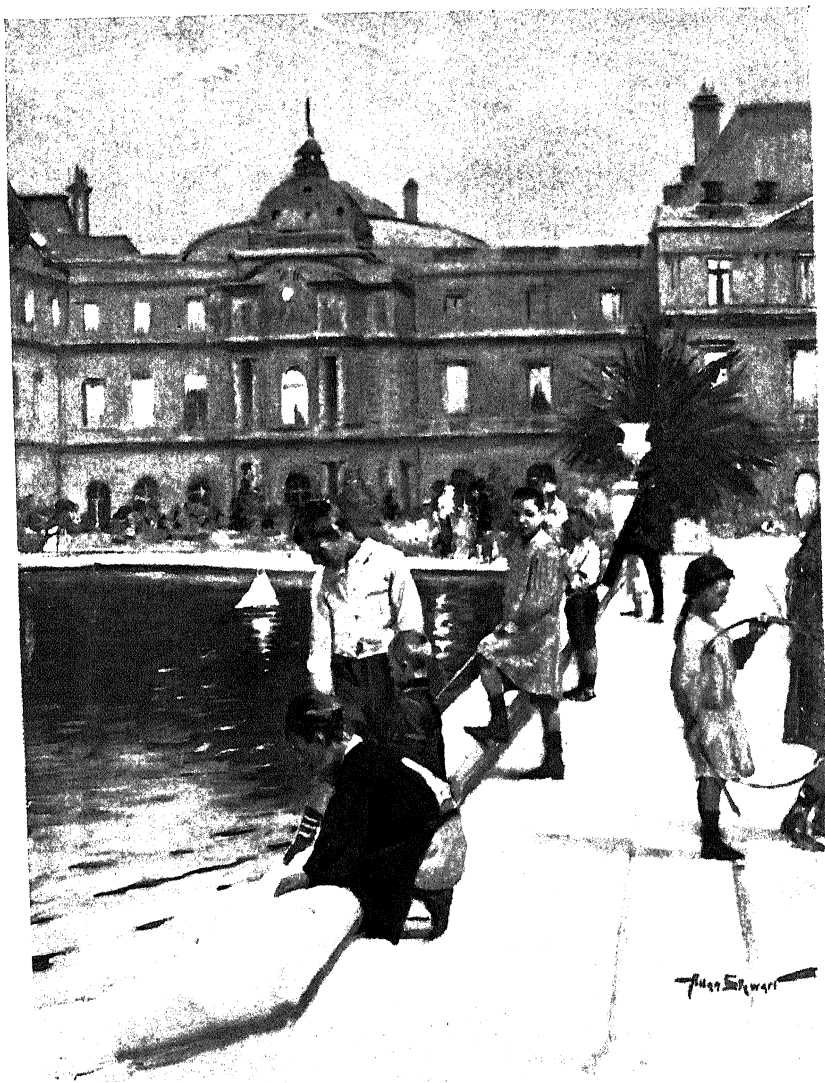
A French servant, where there are only one or two kept, is treated much more as a member of the family

Paris

than she would be in a middle-class English household. If the mistress is alone, she is often allowed to bring her sewing or mending and sit with her. She likes to talk over household affairs, and discuss the day's menu, and usually she takes the interests of her employers seriously, and is faithful and thrifty. Often the mistress accompanies nurse and baby to the gardens, and the two stroll together through the avenues, the nurse pushing the perambulator, or sit side by side with their needlework, and it is seldom that a French servant takes undue advantage of the familiarity accorded her. She has far too much pride to overstep her place.

Sometimes grandma arrives of an afternoon—a very stately person, in black silk and a fashionable bonnet, with gold pince-nez, through which she regards the other children critically. She bears down upon the nurse, who rises respectfully, but with rebellion ill-concealed on her face, inspects baby, asleep in his carriage, and generally has some advice or direction to offer. Woe betide the nurse, then, if she has been idling, for this is worse than the advent of her mistress, and the fault will be trebly exaggerated before it gets to the right ears.

Sometimes, instead, grandma has two little girls with her, taken out for a treat. They select three chairs, which they arrange under a tree, and sit down on them decorously. The little girls are in their best clothes; the occasion is far too dignified for vulgar play. Grandma has been carrying a little parcel from the *pâtisserie*, tied up with pink string. She undoes it,



CHILDREN IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. Page 33.

In the Gardens

and there is a cake apiece. The little girls eat them carefully, taking care not to drop crumbs on their frocks, and replace their gloves in a very prim and proper way when they have finished. Grandma smiles and chats with them; she is not at all severe, but, nevertheless, they feel themselves on their best behaviour.

There are tennis and croquet courts in the Luxembourg Gardens, but of gravel, not of turf. One space is set aside for the use of a tennis-club, and often one sees the members there playing. They wear white suits, white canvas shoes, and white hats all the year round, irrespective of season—a rather amusing instance of the thoroughness and love of detail that the Parisian shows in any sport he takes up. Watching them on some chilly day in February, when the skies are overcast and a biting wind blows, one can only hope that they have, as seems probable, drawn on their cool-looking white costumes over their ordinary attire. I suppose the idea of playing tennis in anything but white flannel would seem to them as incorrect as riding a bicycle in a top-hat.

The man who sells *gaufres* plies a good trade, especially on afternoons when the band plays. He has an iron stove in the open, on which he makes his *gaufres*—very light, honeycombed cakes cooked between two moulds of iron, and eaten with sifted sugar. A small boy in spotless chef's cap and apron carries the *gaufres* round for sale on a tray, and as often as not you see him loitering near the Guignol Theatre, his tray beside him, oblivious of all save the interest of the play.

Paris

CHAPTER IX

FRENCH CHILDREN

FRENCH children, the babies especially, strike one as being very docile and quiet in their ways. Little things of two or three will settle down with their spades and buckets, their little sieves for dredging the sand, and amuse themselves for hours, while their nurse or mother sits by with her sewing, on a camp-stool or on one of the wooden chairs scattered everywhere under the trees. They rarely seem to quarrel, and they are taught always to be polite, and to take care of their clothes.

Clothes weigh rather heavily on a little Parisian girl's mind. She is dressed often in a way that to us seems over-elaborate. Her little frock, made very short, barely to the knee, has many frills and flounces and ribbons; she wears trimmed hats, and her hair tied with bows. Small wonder her nurse is always telling her to be careful not to soil her clothes. She takes pride in her things, and at four years old considers herself quite a woman, and begins to have opinions on the cut of her dress or the style of her jacket. If her parents are less rich, however, she is happier from the common-sense point of view, for she wears a check gingham overall out of doors to play in; but she is always neat and tidy. Boys and girls alike wear these pinafores, indoors and out, to keep

French Children

their clothes clean. The little French schoolboys wear a tunic of black cotton, not unlike a pinafore in shape, with a leathern belt and a flat peaked cap. If they are at boarding-school, they wear the tunic up to twelve or fourteen, and generally they wear short socks, which look rather queer on a big boy.

A French boy begins school very early, going to a small preparatory school first, and entering the regular school—the Lycée—at five or six, where he continues his studies till about seventeen. The primary classes in the Lycée are taught by women, and a boy is very proud when he is promoted to the class with a real master. He has to work hard, and must not lose a day of schooling if he wishes to keep up with the others.

Many of the schools send omnibuses to fetch the smaller children from their homes in the morning and bring them back at four o'clock; otherwise it is part of a French servant's duty to take the children to and from school.

A little French girl is confirmed and makes her first Communion at thirteen years old, and that is a great fête-day for her. It is usually in April or May, and about that time one will often see these little maidens, all in white, with their long stiff white veils, so voluminous that they seem almost lost inside the folds, their tiny wreaths of orange-blossom, and white stockings and slippers, carrying their new Prayer-Book or rosary, and accompanied by an admiring mamma or elder sister. They look very solemn and serious, and will give a bashful look when passers-by smile on them. Some of these toilettes are very

Paris

costly. The dresses must all be made of a particular kind of muslin, very white and crisp, with a quaint straight skirt, reaching to the feet, with tucks. It is ill-luck indeed if the day is rainy and the little communicant has to come back in a closed carriage instead of walking through the streets, or taking her promenade afterwards in the gardens. The boys wear black, and a big white satin rosette, with long fringed ends, fastened about their sleeve.

French children as they grow up are kept rather strictly. They go to very few places of amusement, and French girls, in particular, envy the freedom of their English or American sisters. A French girl leads a very quiet life until she marries, and over her engagement there is a great deal of etiquette observed. A suitor is supposed to make his proposal first to the girl's parents before she herself is consulted, and, as marriage settlements form a very important question on both sides, it is a rather complicated and delicate business. Even after she is engaged, a French girl can only meet her future husband in the presence of a chaperone, and would never dream of going alone with him to a theatre or any place of amusement.

Nor is a young Frenchman much freer. If he lives at home he has his parents to consult in everything, and, as his future prospects are very much in their hands, it is seldom that he will marry against their advice. Often they themselves choose the wife they consider suitable for him, and his father accompanies him to make the formal proposal to the girl's guardians.

Family ties are held in very strong respect in France,

French Children

and even grown-up sons and daughters will still consider their parents' wishes and advice in many matters.

Small children of the middle classes in Paris are taken out a good deal with their parents. This because in many households the servant does not sleep in the apartment, or is too busy to occupy herself with the children, so that, if the parents wish to go out of an evening, the children must either go with them or be left entirely alone in the house. You often see quite small children taken to cafés, especially of a Sunday evening, which is usually the servant's day out, and very sleepy and unhappy the poor little mites look, wedged between their parents at a little table in the crowded, overlighted room, with its atmosphere generally charged with tobacco-smoke. It is no unusual sight to see children of seven or eight dining out with their parents at restaurants, even quite late in the evening. Children of that age usually sit up to dinner in any case, and will be eating a heavy meal with soup and meat when they would be far better tucked in bed.

CHAPTER X

THE SEINE

To those who know and love the Seine there is no other river so beautiful. To the Parisians it seems more than just a river : it has an actual personality of its own. It gives you an impression of intimacy, of

Paris

friendliness. It is not merely a highway for traffic, a place for boats to go up and down. You can bathe in it, fish in it, lounge for hours along its quays and embankments, and find always something fresh to watch.

Below the embankment on either side, with its stone parapet, is a lower embankment or path, in places as wide as a road, planted with trees, and almost level with the water's edge, for there is no tide to rise or fall in the Seine at this part. The river is canalized, so, except for floods, the water remains always at the same level. Slopes lead down at intervals from the embankment above, used by the carts that come to load and unload the barges. Where the barges land there are always big piles of gravel and stones and builders' materials, and boys love to come and play here. It is a dangerous playground, for there is nothing to keep you from slipping into the water from the edge of the path ; but there seem to be few accidents. Along this lower embankment are the little floating piers where the steamboats stop, and here and there the life-saving stations of the river-police.

Along this path, under the bridges, one finds the dog-barber or *tondeur*, who clips dogs and washes them in the river. Fashionable poodles are brought to him regularly to be bathed and shaved ; they lie quite still across his knee while he clips them with a queer little pair of shears, and seem to know that if they move a muscle the beautiful effect of their toilette will be spoiled. His profession needs great skill, and he makes a good living at it. The dogs hate the per-

The Seine

formance, but they know the *tondeur* well, and become docile the moment he lays hands on them.

All day long, and on Sundays especially, along the embankment men and boys are fishing. They sit there patiently with their rods, hour after hour, but never does one see them catch anything. Their bent, motionless figures seem as much a part of the river-bank as do the trees or the stones. Even when the Seine was in flood, and the water rushed yellow and turbulent, below the bridges, the ruling passion still prevailed, and these sportsmen fished on unmoved.

It is amusing to take one of the little steamboats—*bateaux mouches*, as they are called—and go up or down the river. For a penny you can go the whole length of the city, over an hour's ride. They are queer little steamers with two decks, and they go very quickly, stopping barely a moment at each pier to let passengers on and off. They remind one of clock-work boats as they pass to and fro. The piers look small and toylike, too, placarded all over with bright-coloured advertisements. Some of the steamers go longer distances, up to St. Cloud and St. Germain-en-Laye, where there is a wonderful old forest and royal chateau; but the latter trip takes the whole morning, so it is really a day's excursion.

From the river one gets a splendid view of the bridges and the buildings on either side. There are a great many bridges in Paris. Most of them are of stone, low and graceful in shape, for no tall boats go below them, and some are very beautiful. One of the finest modern bridges is the Pont Alexandre III., with

Paris

its many-sculptured figures and the huge golden winged horses which surmount its four square columns, two at each end. Looking across it one way, one sees the wide Esplanade des Invalides, and in the background the big dome of Les Invalides itself, with its ancient gilding, where the tomb of Napoleon is ; in the other direction the Palais des Beaux-Arts, where the annual Salon is held, and the Petit Palais opposite, with the greenery of the Champs Élysées beyond.

The Pont Neuf, which crosses the Île de la Cité, is the oldest bridge in Paris, and was first built in 1568. Nine bridges in all connect the Île de la Cité with either bank, and with the Île St. Louis near by, and this is the most ancient part of the city. Here stands the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, with its square grey towers that watch over the Seine, on the site where the earliest Christian Church in Paris was first erected in the fourth century, and where before that stood the Roman temple to Jupiter ; and the Palais de Justice occupies the same spot where the prætor held his law-court when Paris—or Lutetia, as it was then called—was in the hands of the Romans, fifty-two years before Christ. There is, perhaps, no spot so charged with history as this little island, which has been from earliest times the centre of the city's growth, and from which Paris itself has spread gradually outward, as circles spread when you throw a stone in the water ; for when the Romans first invaded Gaul this island was already a city, the home of a Gaulish tribe called the Parisii, from whom Paris takes its name.



FEEDING THE SPARROWS IN THE
TUILERIES GARDENS. *Page 37.*

The Seine

In the court of the Palais de Justice is the Sainte Chapelle—the ancient palace chapel first erected to receive the relics brought back by St. Louis from the Crusades in the thirteenth century. This chapel is one of the most beautiful in existence ; its stained-glass windows, of most delicate tracery, rise from floor to vaulted ceiling, and when you enter on a bright day the effect is fairy-like. It is as though you stood in the centre of some many-coloured jewel. The Parisians love this beautiful chapel so much that, when Paris was besieged, they built a shell of woodwork entirely about it to protect it from injury.

The Pont Neuf is really two bridges, and on the narrow extremity of the island between is a fine equestrian statue of Henry IV. In front of this are steps leading down to a quaint little garden almost level with the water, called Le Vert Galant. During the recent floods this garden was entirely submerged, even to the lamp-posts, and it looked very sad to see only the tops of the trees standing out of the swirling mass of water.

On the Île St. Louis are some quaint old houses, with balconies overlooking the water, where it must be pleasant to live in summer-time, with their wonderful view up and down the Seine.

Beyond the islands, on the left bank of the river, one passes the Halles aux Vins, the big wine-market. On the wide *quai* before it lie hundreds of barrels of wine, which are there in bond. Near by is the Jardin des Plantes, where there are botanical gardens and also a zoo, free to the public. Children delight to go there to feed the animals, especially the bears in the

Paris

bear-pits. When the river rose here the poor bears were in a bad way, for the water deepened in their pits inch by inch, until, finally, they had to be rescued and put in other cages till the flood went down, and their homes were once more habitable.

At intervals along the river you see big oblong buildings, painted white, like floating houses anchored near the shore, and reached by a gangway. These are the public baths, some swimming-baths for men and boys, where lessons are given; others, regular bath-houses, where you can get hot or cold baths in one of the many little rooms with white-curtained windows; others, again, towards the outskirts of the city, are wash-houses, where tubs are supplied, and women bring their linen to wash, and afterwards dry it along the bank. Through the open windows you can see them bending over their tubs, in the atmosphere of steam and soapsuds. There is no accommodation for washing clothes in a Paris flat, so women of the poorer classes bring their linen to one or other of the public wash-houses or *lavoirs*, which are to be found in every quarter, in addition to those along the Seine itself.

It is pleasant to loiter along the *quais*, to watch the barges, the little steamers going past, the people who come and go. Each part of the embankment has a different name, and each a different character. In one place there is a flower-market, held weekly; at another you find side-walk merchants, who sell sponges of every price and quality. Along the *quai* of the Hôtel de Ville are all the bird-shops, florists, and agricultural dealers. You can buy anything there, from a

The Seine

white mouse to a monkey. Another part, again, is given over to the dealers in second-hand books and prints, who have tiny stalls ranged along the parapet itself, which are shut up at night with padlocked lids. At one time many rare books could be picked up there for a few sous, but the stalls are so well searched now by bargain-hunters that it is seldom one finds anything of real interest. These bookstalls are quite a feature of Paris, and passers-by are to be seen poring over them at all hours of the day, some grey-haired students, turning over the tattered volumes in the hope of discovering a treasure, others merely idling away time or pausing to read in snatches as they go along. The stall-keepers are mostly old women. Some are surly and suspicious, alert for a sale; others will let you linger by the half-hour together looking through their stock, while they themselves knit or gossip with some neighbour.

CHAPTER XI

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS

AMONG the French, Christmas is not the family feast that it is with us. The great fête-day here, when all the members of a family meet, and presents and greetings are exchanged, is New Year's Day.

On this day all the tradesmen leave their offerings, a pot of cream from the *laitier*; chocolates or fruit from the grocer; from the baker a special flat cake, made of very fine pastry, and peculiar to this season,

Paris

called a *galette*, usually with a tiny doll or a little china sabot baked in it for luck; and each expects then their equivalent of a Christmas-box. Everyone wishes you a "Bonne Année," and no one must be forgotten, from the concierge, whose tip is generally in proportion to the rent of the tenant, down to the girl who brings home the laundry-work.

New Year's Day is the grown-up feast, but Christmas is kept especially for the children, who look for the "Petit Noël," the Christ-Child, to come down the chimney, instead of Santa Claus, and fill their shoes with presents.

For weeks beforehand the big shops have altered their departments to make room for the host of toys and Christmas decorations. Each shop has some attraction—perhaps a giant Christmas-tree, twenty or thirty feet high, hung with presents, to be distributed later to small sufferers in the hospitals; or a group of life-size automatic figures—a chef in white cap and apron, who dips a fork into a huge copper cauldron, and fishes up everything imaginable, from a stuffed monkey to a cauliflower, with a human face and eyes that wink at you, to the great delight of the children who crowd there to watch.

During the few days before Christmas it is difficult to force a passage through the shops, and the toys are fascinating. The mechanical toys are among the most attractive, and the beautiful kitchen outfits that would make any little girl happy—real stoves to burn coal or alcohol, and miniature sets of copper or enamel saucepans, both tiny dolls'-house affairs and larger sizes that

Christmas in Paris

will readily cook. Paris is the home of dolls, for the French doll is famous the world over, and everything that a doll might require in furniture, clothes, or toilet articles is to be bought for them. There are even dolls' toothbrushes, tiny flasks of dentifrice, and manicure-sets.

A feature of Paris at Christmas-time are the *baraques*—small stalls or booths erected along the boulevards—at which all kinds of knickknacks are sold—sweets, mechanical toys, and all the latest novelties. It is quite like a fair, and the booths remain till after New Year's Day. All during these weeks the streets are very gay and full of people. There are the street-vendors as well, and the barrows that sell holly and mistletoe. France is the country of mistletoe, and one sees it here in perfection. Everyone buys it, for a branch hung above the doorway at this season brings luck to a house during the entire year. Holly is less plentiful, but the flower-sellers will take the scarlet berries and wire them into other greenery so deftly that they seem to have grown there, and the effect is quite pretty. I do not remember to have seen this "made" holly anywhere else, but a good deal is sold here. It drops less quickly than the real holly, and looks rather quaint and formal.

There are no Christmas pantomimes in Paris, where as a general rule children or young people are not taken to the theatres; but a sort of fairy-play for children is often put on at this season, and there are several splendid circuses open all through the winter. The cinematograph theatres, also, have often a play suit-

Paris

able for small people, shown in moving pictures, accompanied by music and songs.

Both on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve are held what are called *réveillons*—a sort of friendly gathering—when people sit up all night to welcome in Christmas or the New Year. All the cafés will advertise their *réveillon*, and invite their regular customers, and many people prefer to spend the evening in this way rather than at their own homes. It is a sociable idea, and as the spirit of the season makes everyone feel friendly, it is certainly pleasanter for a stranger in Paris or anyone living alone to pass the time in such chance gathering, with its atmosphere of good-fellowship, than by themselves.

In olden times the *réveillon* was marked by the turning-out of the guard at midnight, and the soldiers patrolled the streets of each quarter with fife and drum to awaken all drowsy people to the welcome of the New Year.

Midnight Mass is celebrated on Christmas Eve in most of the churches in Paris, and the service is very beautiful and impressive. Afterwards one stays to visit the *crèche*, the representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the three shepherds, and the Star of the East hung above it, which is set there, in a corner of the church, to remind one of the first Christmas Eve and the real spirit of Christmas.

Students and the Student Quarter

CHAPTER XII

STUDENTS AND THE STUDENT QUARTER

PARIS has always been famous as a centre of learning and her University is one of the oldest in the world. Schools, free to the poorer class of scholars, were established in France from very early days, usually in connection with the great cathedrals, and in the eleventh century there were four such schools in Paris itself. They increased rapidly in number, and by the sixteenth century Paris contained over fifty colleges. There were endowments for the maintenance of the poorer scholars, who received their dole sometimes in bread, sometimes in money. The sum would seem very small to us now, since six sous (about threepence) is quoted as the amount a student received for his living expenses ; but, of course, in that day money was of a different purchasing value, and in England during the Middle Ages a whole sheep could be bought for fourpence. So the students were not so badly off for their food and lodging.

Most of the colleges were on the left bank of the Seine, which is still the student quarter. The Collège de France, the Sorbonne, the colleges of law and medicine, the famous École des Beaux-Arts, are all close together, and that neighbourhood has been from earliest times the centre of student life in Paris.

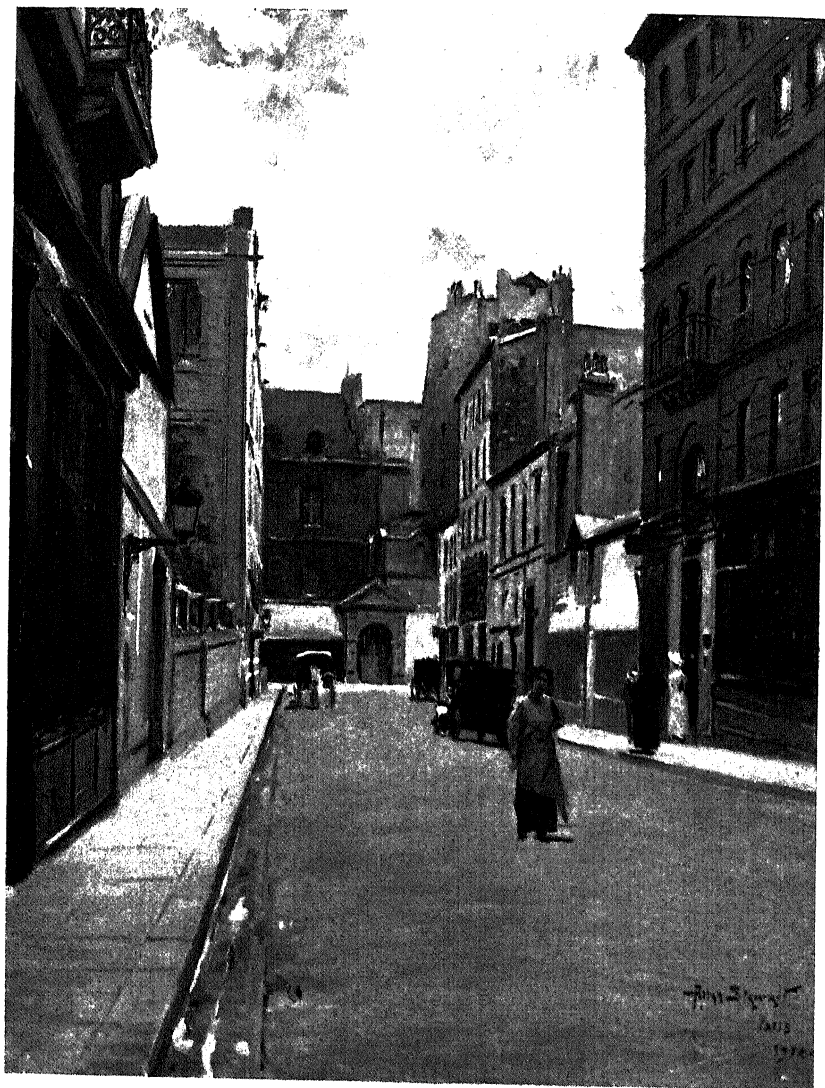
The Rue du Pré aux Clercs takes its name from the celebrated Pré aux Clercs, a big meadow where the

Paris

students took their recreation, and a very favourite spot for encounters between the different student factions. This field figures in Dumas' famous romance, and it is here that D'Artagnan fights his duel with the Englishman. *Pré* means "a meadow," and in the days when the great church of St. Germain des Prés really stood in open country this meadow formed part of the abbot's estates. There was a good deal of fighting between the abbot's retainers and the students at different times for the rights to use it, encounters which resulted in actual loss of life on both sides.

The students have always been a very strong faction in Paris, especially in any public or political demonstration. To-day their demonstrations seldom take a more serious form than that of street rowdiness, but in more turbulent times they were a force to be reckoned with. They were reckless and adventuresome, quick to take sides on the slightest provocation, and by their pranks and mischief the scourge of the quiet law-abiding citizens and merchants of the quarter.

The Latin Quarter, as this neighbourhood is generally called, seems to have been less altered by time than any other part of Paris. It is a neighbourhood of small winding streets and jumbled houses, mingled squalor and picturesqueness. Some of the streets about here have very quaint names—the Street of the Four Winds, the Street of the Dragon, the Street of the Old Dovecote. Here one sees the real old Paris, the narrow streets forming almost a labyrinth of unexpected twists and turns, the tall old-fashioned houses with dark doorways and rambling



St. Germain
Paris
1876

A STREET IN OLD PARIS.
ST. GERMAIN. Page 36.

Students and the Student Quarter

stairways, mysterious little courts and alleys that open one from another. Entering one of these little courts at random, you seem to be in a miniature village. You wander through one narrow cobble-paved passage after another, each with their little stalls and shops, bric-à-brac dealers, tinsmiths, and odd merchants of different kinds, who ply their trade in these queer tucked-away corners remote from the noise and bustle of the street. Untidy-looking women stand gossiping in doorways ; cats prowl from house to house—cats are everywhere in Paris—and children play undisturbed in the middle of the alley, which is too narrow for any vehicle to pass. At the end, through some cool arched doorway, one has a glimpse again of the street with its passing traffic.

There are some very old churches in this quarter, some of them so closed in by the houses that have grown up about them since they were first built as to be almost hidden from sight. By daytime, especially on some sunny morning in early summer, the quarter is attractive and picturesque enough ; by night its narrow streets look forbidding and ill-lighted, sometimes with only an occasional poor gas-lamp, set here and there in an iron bracket against the wall of a house.

Paris offers a wide hospitality to students in every field, and there can be few cities pleasanter or more inviting for study, with its many libraries and museums, its wealth of opportunities for research, its tranquil gardens where one can pass whole mornings undisturbed in the shade of the chestnut alleys. The schools and colleges are open to all. There are many

Paris

courses of lectures open to the public without payment, and for others the fees are quite small. The art schools of Paris are famous the world over, and nearly every great modern artist has at one time or another studied here. The École des Beaux-Arts is the principal art school, and numbers students of every nationality and from all quarters of the globe. There are many private schools and studios besides, which have classes both for men and women, for there are a great many women students here as well. A student in Paris can live on very little, and the class-fees are not expensive, so there is a chance for even the poorest.

Much has been written about the art students of Paris. They are no longer the picturesque class that they were some years ago, when slouch-hats, long hair, and velveteen trousers were the vogue among them, but one still sees some queer types here and there. As a rule, the very Bohemian-looking figures that one occasionally meets are not students but models, who earn their living by posing in the different schools. Many of them are Italians. The average art student of to-day dresses very much like anyone else. The old idea that to be "artistic" one must necessarily go unkempt and extraordinarily attired is no longer prevalent, and even the flowing necktie is fast disappearing.

The Boulevard St. Michel is the great thoroughfare of the Latin Quarter, and it is in the cafés along here that most of the students congregate of an evening. The cafés, too, have lost a great deal of their character.

Students and the Student Quarter

At one time ambitious young poets with long hair used to recite their own verses to an admiring circle of friends in the intervals of sipping absinthe ; now-a-days they prefer to play billiards or sit outside on the *terrasse* criticizing the passers-by. But the boulevard is very gay and interesting of an evening, and, being mostly frequented by those students who live in the quarter, it has a character quite its own, and unlike any other boulevard in Paris.

Every year the art students hold a big masked ball, called the Bal des Quatz' Arts, to which they all go in fancy costume. Some special period, usually of Greek or Egyptian history, is always assigned, so that the dresses may conform more or less to the same style. Strangers are not admitted to this ball, which is for the students only. On the appointed evening the students meet on the Boulevard St. Michel, and march from there in procession to the place where the ball is held, generally some large hall in quite another quarter of Paris. A big crowd always collects to see them form their procession and start. Some of the dresses are very elaborate, others made of whatever comes handy—a striped table-cover doing duty for a Roman toga, or a helmet made of gilded pasteboard, even to such eccentricities as a necklace formed from carved slices of carrot or a belt of silvery smoked herrings. Prizes are awarded for the best and most original costumes, and all must be up to a certain standard.

Many of the students organize dinner-parties beforehand in one or other of the neighbouring restau-

Paris

rants ; so on that evening you may often see a Roman gladiator or an Egyptian slave seated, calmly smoking a cigarette, at the open window in full view of the passers-by, or sometimes addressing an impromptu speech or toast to the crowd gathered on the pavement below. The ball lasts until very late—four or five o'clock in the morning—and afterwards the students disperse to their various homes, generally first promenading the streets in bands during the early hours of the morning, bent on whatever mischief they can find in the form of practical jokes.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOIS

OF all its many parks and gardens, the one on which Paris most prides itself is the Bois de Boulogne, that beautiful stretch of cultivated forest which lies to the west of the city. In olden times the Bois formed part of the vast Forêt de Rouvray, and for a long while it remained simply a tract of unreclaimed land on the outskirts of the city, a place of ill-repute on account of its loneliness, and where robberies and attacks were frequent.

In 1852 it was given to the municipality of Paris on condition that a certain sum should be spent on its improvement and yearly maintenance, and it is now one of the most treasured possessions of the city, and the favourite promenade for Parisians of every class.

The Bois

Little of the natural character of the Bois has been changed. It is still a forest, but a forest carefully kept and tended, with wide driveways and countless winding bridle and foot paths under the trees, where one can wander for hours through the leafy stillnesses and imagine oneself miles from any city. Wherever any artificial alteration has been made it has been introduced so skilfully as not to seem obtrusive, and in places one has all the sensation of being in some ancient wood.

The trees, mostly pines, grow so thickly that a few paces within one of the numerous tiny alleys one feels oneself quite in the heart of the wood, and this sense of solitude and quiet is one of the greatest charms of the Bois. It is always possible to find a quiet spot here, for the Bois is so large—over two thousand acres—that it rarely seems crowded, except perhaps on Sundays and those public holidays in summer when all Paris throngs here with picnic-baskets. Then one realizes what this great space of wood and greenery means to thousands of people, tired men and women of the working classes, who can only just afford the *métro* or tram fare which brings them here, children to whom it represents perhaps the only actual country they know. Whole families, from the poorest upwards, come here by the hundreds, each with their basket or string-bag full of provisions, to spend a few brief hours in the open air.

It is amusing to watch one of these parties trudging along under the trees until they reach the spot selected—after much debate, and changing of places at least a

Paris

dozen times—as the most comfortable and convenient for the meal. The father walks ahead carrying the loaded string-bag, and often a baby as well, while the older children follow with their mother and perhaps a grown-up friend or two brings up the rear. The little girls are in clean cotton frocks and best hats, their hair neatly tied and braided ; the boys with fresh-starched shirts, neckties in big bows, clumping along self-consciously in their Sunday boots.

Once settled down, the unpacking of the lunch is an important business. The string-bag has been fairly bursting with its contents, and it is astonishing how many fat parcels have been wedged in. This is no *impromptu* meal of sandwiches, or if there are sandwiches, they will consist of big rolls split in half, with ham between, far too large to be merely bitten. A couple of loaves of bread, each half a yard long, bottles of red wine, milk for the children, cold meat, pickles, and perhaps a salad as well, fruit and cheese—enough, at first sight, for a family twice the size. They get through it all steadily, taking at least an hour for the meal, and after everything is finished and the fragments and papers tidily disposed of, the father takes off his coat and settles down with a cigarette, his hat tilted to keep off the sun, the mother produces some fancy-work from her reticule, and the children disperse to play games in which, later, their father or uncle will join them.

Perhaps our party has been among the earliest to arrive. They have chosen an apparently secluded spot, but during the progress of the meal other picnic-

The Bois

parties will have passed, hesitated, and finally settled down near them, and by the time they have finished there will be at least a dozen other little family gatherings in the neighbourhood: a young couple with camp-stools and a perambulator; perhaps a working man and his family, the wife and girls bareheaded, or a little party of children under the charge of an elder sister very little bigger than the rest. By two or three o'clock the place begins to look crowded, and if our original picnickers want quiet they will have to move much farther afield. But as a rule they prefer to stay in the place they have first chosen. The Bois is free to all. So long as there is grass and shade and a pleasant view before them they are perfectly contented. The baby is put to sleep on the ground in his shawl; the rest of the family form a little camp about him; and the afternoon passes pleasantly and restfully away. Towards sunset they begin to pack up their belongings and wend leisurely back to the gate, outside which they will take tram or omnibus back to their home.

On ordinary weekday mornings the Bois is quiet enough. It is the favourite place for drives or horse-back-riding, for one can gallop for miles through the smaller alleys set apart for cavaliers. Towards four o'clock of an afternoon the more fashionable drive-ways are thronged with carriages and automobiles. Then is the time to see the smart Parisian toilettes, both driving and afoot, for an afternoon promenade here is quite in mode, and many dismiss their carriages to stroll for a while along the well-kept gravel-paths.

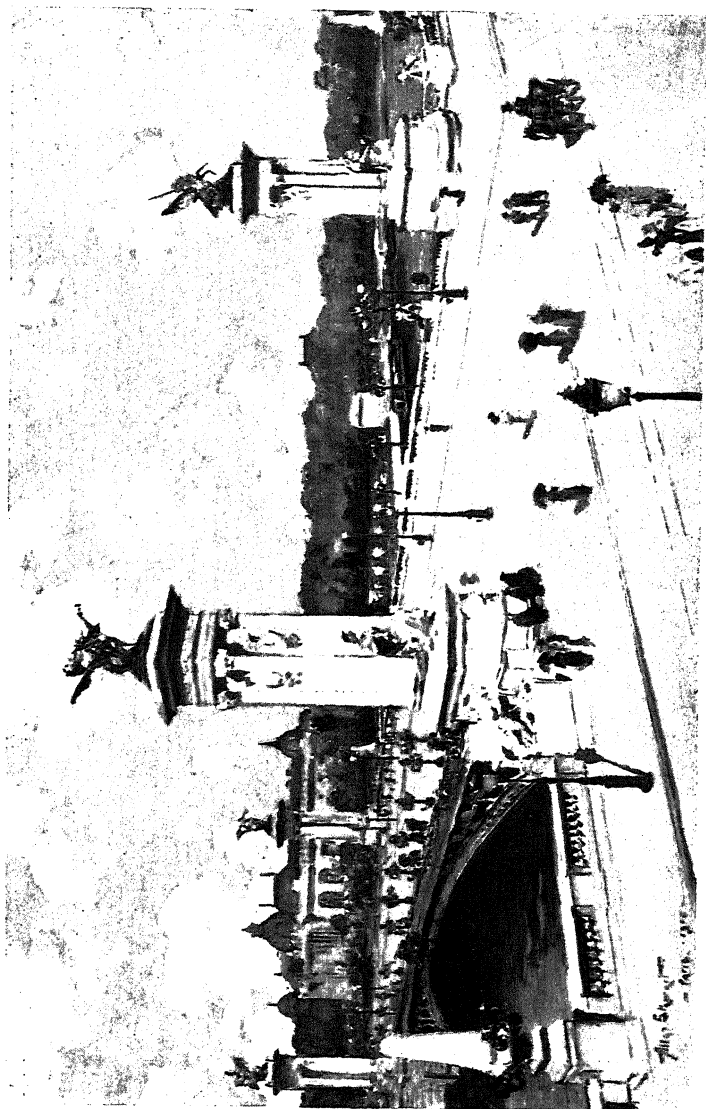
Paris

Dog-lovers especially like to exercise their pets here under the trees.

The aristocratic Parisian doggie does not depend alone upon his fineness of form or sleekness of coat for admiration. He must have his toilettes carefully chosen, his different collars, his tiny overcoat for cool weather, even his small button boots if the ground is damp. If he is a bulldog he must wear the correct collar, with a fringe of badger-hair that stands out round his face ; if a poodle, he must be clipped and shaven in the very latest style, and his satin hair-ribbon properly placed.

There are several shops in Paris which make a speciality of canine outfitting, and very costly are some of the enamel and jewel-encrusted collars on sale there. Quite a fortune is spent on dogs' accessories yearly, for the mode changes all the time, just as in human fashions. Many of these little curled and scented favourites that trot along beside their mistresses or gaze on the passing world from the cushions of an automobile look as if they would be far happier racing through the Bois in freedom, with the common dogs of the populace.

There are several very pretty lakes in the Bois, where boats may be hired, and in one place an artificial waterfall, which flows out very prettily from a rocky grotto. The famous racecourse of Longchamps, on the farther side of the Bois, is always crowded for the races during the early summer, and one sees there the most fashionable gatherings in Paris. The dresses seen at Longchamps are always the latest mode, and



PORT ALEXANDRE III Page 47.

The Bois

more space is devoted to their description in the weekly journals than to the races themselves.

The cafés and restaurants in the Bois are mostly of an expensive order, except those quite near the entrance. People drive out there in summer to dine in the open air, and since afternoon tea—"le five o'clock"—has become a more general custom, they are well patronized of an afternoon all the year round. In winter it is very pleasant to take tea on one of the glassed-in verandas, gay with flowers and palms like a winter-garden, and afterwards to drive home as dusk is falling and the blue, smoke-like haze creeps up between the tree-trunks.

The Bois is especially beautiful just about sunset, with the wonderful effects of light between the long alleys and across the lake. On the taller trees, the groups of elms that stand here and there, one sees huge masses like birds'-nests standing out black against the leafless twigs. They are bunches of mistletoe, which grows here in abundance. It grows so high up as to be almost unnoticeable in summer, but in winter the trees look very queer, like vast rookeries, sometimes with as many as ten or twelve bunches on one tree. The mistletoe is a parasite, but, unlike many others, it does not seem to hurt the tree on which it grows, and one usually finds it on the oldest and strongest trees.

In the very heart of the Bois stands the Pré Catelan, a pavilion of exquisite eighteenth-century design, pure white, and with beautiful decoration. The whole front of the building is of plate-glass, so that the diners

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can have a full view of the landscape outside. A dinner at the Pré Catelan is very expensive, and a single peach in season will cost from half a guinea. It is wonderful, after driving through the densest part of the Bois at night, to come suddenly upon this graceful building, set there like a jewel in the forest, with its brilliant electric lights and garlanded flowers, like the enchanted house in the fairy-tale.

Formerly the Pré Catelan was a Swiss châlet, with a dairy, where cows were kept, and one could eat fresh cream and curds and whey. Children were brought here of a morning to drink the fresh milk, and delighted to wander into the sweet-smelling stable to pet the cows that stood there, and afterwards play on the dewy lawn among the flower-beds. The old custom is still kept up more or less, and there is a room adjoining the present pavilion fitted up like a dairy ; but, like so many other places, its real character has entirely altered.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BOIS—*continued*

A GREAT pleasure for children in the Bois is to be taken to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. This, like the Jardin des Plantes, mentioned in a former chapter, is a combined zoological and botanic gardens ; but there is an entrance-fee for all over seven, and the grounds are far prettier and better kept than in the public zoo.

To enter the garden one may take a miniature tram-

The Bois

way from the Porte Maillot, which runs right through the Bois to the entrance of the garden, or quite inside, as you wish. The cars are small—like those of a switchback railway—and as the tiny tram goes very fast, with a great many curves and turns between the trees, children find the ride very amusing. This tramway used to be a little jingling affair drawn by ponies, but now there is a baby locomotive attached instead, which covers the distance in less than half the time. The track is, of course, fenced off just like a real railway, except where it crosses a path, and then the engineer must blow his whistle to warn people out of the way.

Inside the gardens there are very pretty walks and lawns, laid out with flower-beds, and large hot-houses as well, that one may walk through to admire the tropical plants. The collection of animals is not very large—chiefly camels, elephants, cattle, deer, and goats of all kinds—but there is a very fine collection of birds, including a great variety of pheasants and prize domestic fowl of special breeds.

There are usually some special attractions as well, which vary from time to time—balloon ascensions; an African village, with its many huts, where one can see the natives weaving, making pottery, or carving little objects for sale out of wood and horn; or sometimes a lion-tamer with his troupe of performing beasts. The great pleasure of the children, however, beyond feeding the deer and pheasants and monkeys, is to ride upon the different animals—elephants, camels, and ponies, of which latter there are twenty or thirty

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of all sizes, from tiny Shetlands to small horses, waiting, temptingly saddled and bridled, for you to take your choice. There are goat-carriages, too, and carriages drawn by ostriches, zebras, and llamas. These are mostly patronized by the smaller children, who, under the age of twelve years, are not allowed on the elephants. During the afternoon one sees a continuous strange procession passing to and fro along the paths, and the small riders thoroughly enjoy their pastime.

The big giraffe, Paul, who is the pride of the gardens, and one of the largest giraffes in captivity, stretches his queer-shaped head and long neck over the palings of his enclosure, as if he would very much like to join in the fun. He has a wistful and lonely look, and must envy the goats near by, for he is not even allowed to be fed, and an attendant always stands by to see that no one gives him biscuits on the sly. The giraffe, in spite of his big, ungainly body, is one of the most delicate animals to keep, and suffers very easily from indigestion. Perhaps that is why he looks so sad and tearful.

There are some amusing seals and sea-lions, also an aquarium, and a house devoted to pythons and crocodiles. The monkeys always attract plenty of visitors, and they have a fine outdoor cage where they are free to climb and swing all through the summer.

Sometimes, on the lawn near the band-stand, one finds a little enclosure made specially for the tiny children—babies under four years old. Inside, on the soft turf, stands a very kind lady, who takes hands with the little ones, and helps them to dance. Quite tiny

The Bois

mites, babies who can hardly stagger on their fat legs, join hands solemnly to play ring-around-a-rosy or march up and down to the music, and every once in a while the chain will be broken to make place for some new-comer. The nurses and mothers stand around to watch, and it is certainly a very pretty sight.

When there is a balloon ascension at the gardens the attendants send up a quantity of small balloons at intervals, of different shapes, gaily coloured, which amuse the small onlookers immensely, and while away the time while the big balloon is slowly filling with gas for its departure. The queer figures float up one by one, each a new surprise—sometimes a fish, sometimes a most natural-looking pink pig, or a funny, fat little man, looking very ridiculous as they sail slowly away towards the tree-tops. Occasionally one of them will get entangled in a branch, and hang there upside down, making absurd efforts till the breeze frees it again, and there is much shouting and laughter over its queer antics.

When the big balloon is filled and ready, the aeronaut offers a ride to anyone who cares to go. While the crowd is still hesitating, a lady with a very smart hat and parasol comes forward and jumps into the car. Of course it is all part of the programme, like the tramp in the circus, but the onlookers pretend to be very much amazed at her daring, and off she goes, waving her handkerchief to the upturned faces on the lawn below.

Balloons are a very common sight in Paris during the summer, so much so as to attract little or no

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attention in the streets, and one may often glance up to see one sailing slowly by over the housetops. Many of them belong to members of the Aero Club. Flying machines and aeroplanes are, of course, becoming daily more and more familiar to the general public, but some time ago, when the first big airship of Paris was making its trial trips, the occasional sight of it would arrest crowds on the boulevards and gardens. It was curious, passing perhaps through some quiet thoroughfare, to hear the sudden strange throbbing of engines overhead, and look up to see the great cigar-shaped bulk hovering over you, sometimes so near that you could distinguish the people on board. The airship travels so quickly, however, that almost before the looker-on quite realizes its nearness it will be almost out of sight again, moving gracefully like some great pale yellow fish through the air.

CHAPTER XV

A PARIS CRÊCHE

IN France, as you know, Catholicism has always been the religion of the people. But as France is a Republic, the State does not represent any particular religion, as it does in other countries, where there is a monarch and royal family. Some time ago the Government issued an edict for the closing of a great many churches throughout France, and the confiscation of monasteries and estates belonging to many

A Paris Crèche

religious communities. A good deal of suffering resulted among the clergy and religious Orders, who were thus obliged to leave the homes their predecessors had occupied peaceably for hundreds of years before them and to take refuge in foreign countries. The provincial parish priests fared the worst, many of them becoming dependent upon the charity of their parishioners, poor country people and peasants themselves. Some of the nuns were even obliged to go out and seek their support in domestic service. Among other monasteries seized was the estate of La Char treuse, where the monks distilled for so many years the liqueur of that name, famous throughout the world.

In Paris, too, the edict has brought about some change. One no longer sees on the street the picturesque figures of the mendicant friars, who used to go about in their brown robes, with sandalled feet and a knotted cord about their waists, begging for the poor. The Sisters of Charity, with their huge starched coifs, are still seen, for the good work they do among the poor and sick is everywhere acknowledged.

One of their most helpful institutions are the crèches, where small children are taken care of during the daytime while their parents go out to work. Babies are taken there from three months old up to the age when they begin to attend infant school. It is a touching sight to visit one of these crèches, and see the tiny mites there, perhaps forty or fifty of them together in one room, some big enough to play games, others barely able to crawl, the quite tiny babies lying in cradles. All are very clean and tidy, in blue check

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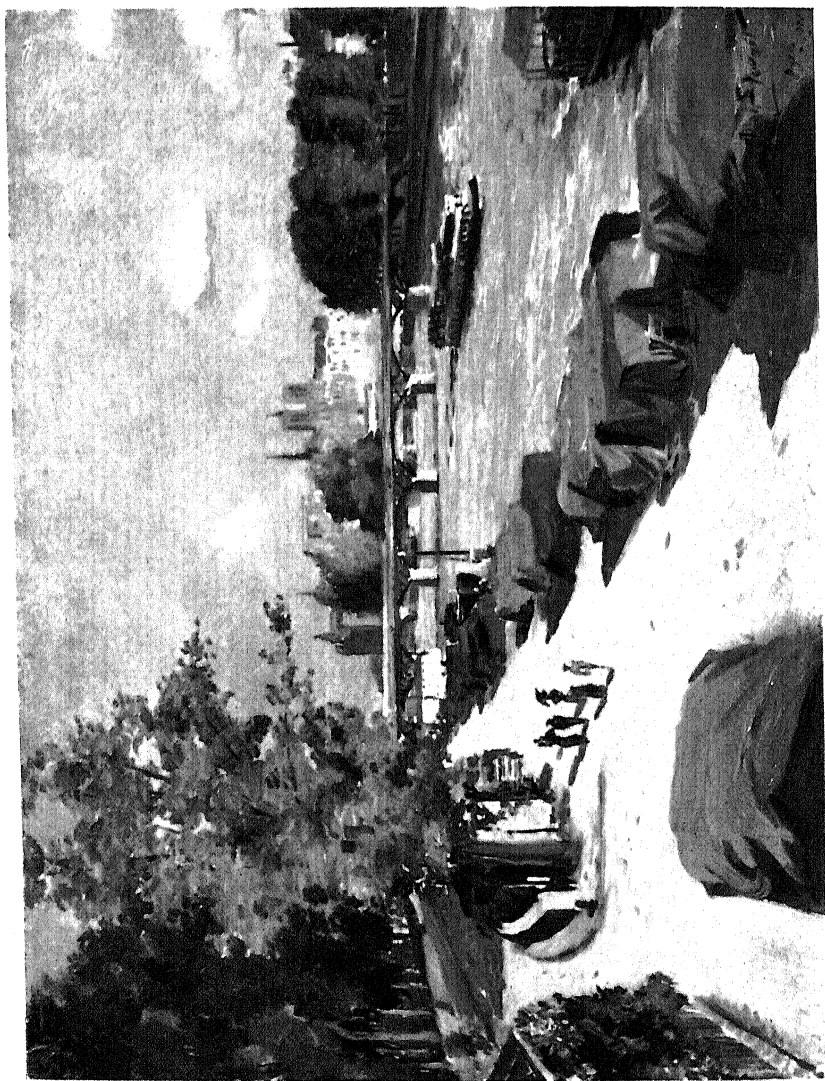
pinafores, for which they exchange their own frocks on arrival. They are kept from seven in the morning till six at night, when their mothers come to fetch them.

Round the big room are ranged tiers of queer little beds, just like berths on a ship, where the little ones can take their nap. There is a sort of wooden enclosure where the small babies can learn to walk, holding on to the rails, out of reach of the older children, and where they look like queer little blue-and-white mice in a mousetrap.

It is curious how quiet these babies are. There is only a subdued hum of voices that hushes as you enter. The little ones look at you gravely, clinging to the Sister's skirts. Everything is scrupulously clean, and rather bare, but some kind people have given toys for the children's amusement, treasures carefully treated and passed from hand to hand. Some of the babies look pale and delicate. They come from quite poor homes, where food is scarce, and receive their best care and nourishment at the crèche. How one would like to take all these little wistful creatures and transplant them to the free air of the country !

One baby of a few months old is fretful. The Sister in charge apologizes for it. It has been ill, and is only just getting back its frail strength. It tosses uneasily in the cradle, waiting for the bottle which an attendant is preparing in the adjoining kitchen.

It means plenty of work and patience to take care of these little ones and amuse them during the day. Any gift of toys or clothes is more than welcome. Many of these babies' parents can barely keep the



A Paris Crèche

home together on their wages, and they are thankful for anything, however old, that can be cut up and made over for the children.

The religious feeling of the people shows strongly in the respect which is paid here to the dead. At a funeral in Paris the chief mourners always walk, following the hearse. All the traffic in the street gives way for them; every man among the passers-by uncovers his head. The doorway of the church where the service is held is covered with black velvet, and often the doorway of the dead person's dwelling as well. Sometimes, passing down some street, you may see beneath such a draped doorway the coffin placed in full view, covered with a velvet pall, and with tall wax tapers burning beside it, awaiting the arrival of the hearse. No idle crowd gathers; people merely bow their heads as they pass quietly by.

Very deep mourning is worn here, and relatives will often put on a heavy crape veil like a widow's veil to attend the funeral; but it is curious to notice that those not closely related to the dead person will often follow the funeral dressed in colours, which to us would seem very strange. One does not see here the black plumes on the horses' heads. The hearse is very tall, and the driver wears a black hat shaped like that of an Admiral.

Flowers are used extensively for funerals, and on All Souls' Day, the feast of the dead, which is a public holiday, all the cemeteries are crowded with people bringing wreaths or bouquets to lay on the graves. Artificial wreaths and tributes made of flowers con-

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structed from beads strung on fine wire are very much used. Some of them are very ingenious and intricate, and from a little distance look wonderfully like real flowers, especially the roses and violets. The making of these is a trade calling for special apprenticeship. It needs great skill and delicacy of fingers, and a clever worker can earn a good living at it. One sees these shops, called *fabriques de couronnes*, everywhere, especially near cemeteries. The effect of the wreaths is, of course, more or less stiff, but they have the advantage of lasting long after real flowers would fade, and withstanding the weather, and they are far prettier than the dyed immortelles one associates so much with funerals.

The cemetery of Père Lachaise, a very large and beautiful cemetery on the eastern side of the city, is especially thronged on the Jour des Morts, for many people make a point of going there just to see the flowers and decorations. Nearly every grave has its tribute, however simple. Many of the famous men and women of Paris are buried here, and their tombs on that day are always covered with wreaths and garlands.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BABIES OF PARIS

OUTSIDE the crèches, the babies of Paris are well looked after. Each summer, at the beginning of the hot season, which in every city brings so much infant sickness in its train, notices are posted outside police-

The Babies of Paris

stations and in the streets of the poorer quarters warning mothers about the care of their little ones—not to let them eat raw fruit, or to drink water or milk that has not been boiled. The order about boiling the milk for young babies is strictly enforced, and inspectors have the right to take any feeding-bottle being given to a child out of doors, whether by a nurse or the baby's own mother, and examine the contents if they think this rule has not been complied with. There is a heavy fine for the first offence, and for the second even imprisonment, so people are obliged to be very careful.

If there is an outbreak of sickness in any particular district, general orders for the boiling of drinking-water in that neighbourhood are also issued, and the public are given every advice about guarding against infection. There is a prevalent idea, especially among visitors, that the ordinary drinking-water of Paris is at any time dangerous, and that it is only safe to use the natural mineral waters that are sold everywhere in bottles. This is not really true, but the water contains a great deal of lime, which the boiling precipitates, and so doctors always advise that this should be done. The sanitary board of Paris is very particular, and always prefers to take precautions beforehand instead of waiting till an actual outbreak occurs, and for this reason there is very little epidemic sickness compared with other large cities where the population is equally dense.

For some time after the recent floods in Paris and the surrounding districts the very strictest orders were

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issued, forbidding one, not only to drink the unboiled water, but even to wash in it, or to eat uncooked salad or vegetables. People were also obliged to disinfect their houses and cellars before returning to them after the flood subsided, and to burn everything that could not be properly disinfected, and inspectors were appointed everywhere to see that the orders were carried out. The instructions were printed in italics in all the daily papers as well as posted publicly, and it was only owing to these precautions that Paris, and especially the suburbs along the Seine, escaped a severe epidemic. As it was, the sick-rate was even lower than in other years, probably on account of the care everyone took.

The Parisians, even the poorer and more ignorant classes, as a rule understand hygiene fairly well, and are very careful about what their small children eat and drink, and the cleanliness of their surroundings. A woman of the working classes, for instance, would rarely dream of letting her baby drink from a public drinking-fountain, use an unclean feeding-bottle, or cram into its mouth any odds and ends off the table that it fancied. She is far too careful of its health to run any risks.

Another good thing, though I know many of you will disagree with me, is that the Parisian child is rather restricted in the matter of sweets. Sugar is dear throughout France, so there is not the profusion of cheap sweets one finds in England. Candy of the good old-fashioned kinds, fruit-drops, barley-sugar, and peppermints are sold at the grocers', but one

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rarely sees here those small shops with their windows full of tempting and highly coloured confectionery so hard for the average school-child to resist. If the little French boy or girl has a halfpenny, it generally goes for chocolate or liquorice.

French chocolates are famous, and to appreciate the sugar-almond at its best one must certainly come to France. They are made here in every shape and size, from tiny baby ones to monsters a couple of inches across, and with all sorts of good things inside them. They are called *dragées*, and are in wide use for christenings, where they are given to all the guests, and also little dainty boxes of them sent out as a compliment, much as we send wedding-cake out at an English wedding. It seems rather a shame that the most important person at the christening, the new baby himself, is the only one who cannot enjoy them. Let us hope he makes up for it later on when he gets bigger.

But to return to the little Parisian baby of a class whose christening, perhaps, does not include *dragées*. His parents are engaged in employment of one kind or another, or they may be small shop-keepers. They keep no help of any kind. The shop must be looked after day in, day out, even on Sundays. Work has to be done, customers attended to. Who is going to look after the little one, and take him for the daily airing he needs?

Generally his parents do what might seem to you a strange thing, though it was common in England at one time. They send their baby at a few months, or

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even weeks, old to the country, where he lives almost entirely up till two or three years old. If, as often happens, they have relatives in the country, the baby goes to them; if not, he is sent to some trustworthy woman, who, for a small weekly fee, will take charge of him and bring him up with her own children. As often as they can manage the journey his parents go to see him, or sometimes he is brought back to spend a day or two with them, and, of course, they have news of him all the time. It is very hard for the mother to send her little baby away like this, but she knows that he is in good hands and having the benefit of the country air instead of living in a city, perhaps in one or two small rooms, as he would have had to do at home, and that when, later, he is able to come back and live with them he will start his town life strong and healthy.

CHAPTER XVII

HOLIDAYS AND FÊTES

MOST of the French holidays are festivals of the Church, as All Souls' Day, Ascension Day, the Feast of the Assumption in August, and, of course, Easter and Whitsuntide. Easter is as much a holiday-time here as it is with us. The streets are very gay. Everyone feels that spring must really have begun, even though the weather is still cold. The street-stalls are a mass of sweet-scented blossoms, white narcissus,

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lilies, and violets, for everyone buys flowers at Easter. The churches are beautifully decorated, all the sober hangings of Lent put aside for a blaze of candles and flowers.

Mardi Gras, the day before Ash Wednesday, is a survival of the three days' carnival which once preceded Lent. The processions and extravagances of Mardi Gras have been famous throughout history. At one period the pageant was so elaborate that it took a couple of hours to pass. The symbolic ox, usually white, was led through the street garlanded with flowers, cheered by the crowd. Everyone, high and low, joined in the masquerade, and all night long the city was given over to feasting and dancing. But Mardi Gras, although still a public holiday, is no longer the brilliant sight it once was. There are amusements everywhere, however, and the streets and boulevards are gay with coloured confetti. Nearly everyone buys and throws it, mock battles are waged in the street, and towards evening it will be lying ankle-deep everywhere in the roads and gutters, like the drifts of a fairy blizzard. One sees occasional masqueraders in fancy costume, but not many.

The different trades of Paris have their own processions, notably the *blanchisseuses*, or laundry-girls, of whom the prettiest is chosen queen, and awarded a prize by the judging committee. A great many candidates are presented by the different laundries throughout Paris, and there is keen competition among the girls, for it is a high honour to be chosen queen, and the lucky one will have her portrait published

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next morning in all the daily papers. The *charcutières*, or sausage-sellers, have their queen also, and, like the *Reine des Blanchisseuses*, she is carried through the streets in procession in a gorgeously decorated car.

Mi-Carême, which occurs about the middle of Lent, as a break in the season's supposed severities, is a holiday of much the same order, with masquerading, confetti, and street processions. The two holidays are sometimes confused, but Mi-Carême is a separate holiday, and has nothing to do with the carnival. It is the custom here to eat pancakes at Mi-Carême, instead of on Shrove Tuesday, as we do.

The Fête Nationale, on July 14, commemorates the establishment of the Republic, and is especially a holiday of the people. All the city is in gala. There are flags and decorations everywhere, and even the tiniest workman's café has its coloured paper festoons and Japanese lanterns strung across the *terrasse*. Dances are organized in the streets, and everyone joins in the fun. It is the great fête-day among the working classes of Paris, to some of them the only holiday in the year, and they keep up their outdoor fun and gaiety till a late hour.

The street fêtes of Paris are quite a feature. Every quarter of the city has its fête periodically, generally beginning on some holiday and lasting a week or a fortnight after. To see one of these fêtes reminds one exactly of a country fair. An entire wide street will be given over to it, the booths extending for perhaps a quarter of a mile on either side of the road. There are merry-go-rounds of every kind—small ones for the



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children, great gilded affairs driven by steam, and with life-size pigs and goats and camels for the grown people, for the whole quarter throngs here of an evening while the fête is on. Tiny rolls of coloured paper which unwind as they are thrown are flung to and fro between the riders and the crowd, and each time the roundabout stops steeds and platform are a tangle of bright paper ribbons. The air is discordant with the blowing of trumpets, the shouting of the different showmen, the banging of drums, and the strident mechanical orchestras and steam-organs that accompany the roundabouts; and those whose rooms happen to overlook the fête have little chance of sleeping. There are all kinds of side-shows—acrobats, cinematograph theatres, trained animals, fat women, and ponies with the longest tails in the world, besides gingerbread stalls, shooting-galleries, and all sorts of games of chance or (so-called) skill. Queer things are offered for some of the prizes—fat live rabbits and goldfish in bowls. The rabbits are seldom won, but the goldfish one frequently sees carried off in triumph. There is always a sweet-stall draped with the American flag.

These fêtes spring up like mushrooms in a single night. The street is empty one day, a pandemonium the next. It takes only a few hours for practised hands to set up the stalls, the toboggan slides and roundabouts, the gaily-painted theatres. The great vans, like circus-waggons, in which all these marvels are packed, are drawn up on one side, perhaps even in some neighbouring back street. In the smaller wag-

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gons, regular caravans, the show-people cook and eat and sleep. Their life is one of perpetual moving about. They stay a week here, a week there, always packing up and moving on to some fresh field, usually at night. Some of their waggons look quite comfortable, with curtained windows and kitchen arrangements. A fine smell of cooking comes from them as you pass of a morning. Sometimes one of the women will take advantage of a few days' stay to get her week's washing done and dried out of doors. Numbers of little watch-dogs belong to the show-waggons, and seem to spend all their time quarrelling and disputing, usually getting into prompt fights with the dogs of the neighbourhood where they happen to be stopping.

The Fête of Neuilly, one of the outlying parts of Paris, near the Bois, is on a larger scale than these periodical travelling fairs I have described. It is held annually, in the early summer, and crowds of people go there to see the fun. The amusements, the side-shows, the gingerbread stalls and shooting-galleries, are much the same, but are multiplied here by hundreds. The Neuilly Fête is considered sufficiently important to be advertised by special posters in the streets.

The street fêtes of Paris are always well patronized. Of an afternoon children go with their nurses and mothers to ride on the wooden camels, to throw hoops for gold-fish, or buy gingerbread horses. Of an evening, after the shops and workrooms of the quarter are closed, the crowd becomes noisier, denser, more given over to rough fun and practical joking. The novelties and attractions are always the same year after year,

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but no one seems to tire of them. A new tune on the steam-organ, or an occasional coat of paint to the prancing pigs and horses, is sufficient disguise.

It seems strange to see a whole street in some fairly busy quarter given over to one of these fêtes, but they have a time-honoured right there, and no one would dream of interfering. If the traffic is impeded, it does not matter; there are other streets to use. The crowd collects at will, and there is not in all Paris a policeman hard-hearted or bold enough to tell them to "move on."

CHAPTER XVIII

ROUND ABOUT PARIS

IF you enter any of the Paris railway-stations of a Sunday morning in summer about nine o'clock you will come upon a busy scene. The booking-office, the waiting-rooms, are all thronged with people going to spend the day in the country. There are families with children and babies, parties of young people, middle-aged couples, solitary men with fishing-rods, carrying their lunch in their pockets. Everyone wears an unmistakable picnic air, and all seem bent on enjoying themselves.

Country—the real country of fields and wild flowers, of quiet lanes and deep forests—is within such easy reach of Paris that almost anyone can take advantage of it. For only a few pence you may go by tram or boat to a dozen delightful places, or you can take the

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train to some little wayside station, where a short walk will bring you to woods carpeted in the spring with anemones and wild hyacinths, or meadows where children can play in the grass and gather buttercups and moon-daisies to their hearts' content. There is no need to go far afield. Once you have passed the actual outskirts of Paris, the open country is before you, fresh and green, unmarred by brickyards or factories, and unspoiled by smoke. At each station the train stops to set down a group of passengers, who file out through the gates, and in a very few moments disperse and disappear this way and that along the several diverging roads.

It is curious what a tranquil, sleepy air prevails in these little villages, even quite close to Paris. The little church, with its quaint steeple and weathercock, the narrow village street, seem to doze in the sunshine. The houses are tiled, not thatched, and yellow stonecrop and tufts of wallflower grow on their roofs and in the clefts of the high walls. The houses are of stone, plastered and lime-washed, often of a pinkish tone. They have no front gardens, and the living-room door opens right on to the street, which is cobble-paved, and seldom has a side-walk. Beautiful roses are trained over some of the house-fronts, almost hiding the upper windows. A few neighbours gossip in their doorways, but otherwise one scarcely sees a soul about. There is no catering for excursionists, no signboards advertising teas or lunches. If you want a meal, there are always one or more quiet little hostels where you can get a plain but always well-cooked

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lunch, served usually in the garden at the back of the house under some shady arbour, with fresh fruit and salad and delicious omelettes, and good country wine. From where you sit you have a view of the kitchen-garden with its growing vegetables and perhaps some chickens scratching in the background, and usually the old watch-dog of the house or a quiet, sleek cat comes to keep you company while you eat.

There are many places along the Seine to which one can go by steamer—Bellevue, St. Cloud, with its ancient park and château (Sèvres, with its famous State manufactory of porcelain, is near here), the Forest of St. Germain, besides other haunts especially popular for boating or fishing. Fishing is a very favourite pastime here, and even if the sportsman catches little or nothing he enjoys the long quiet hours spent on the margin of the river, the open air, the picnic lunch under the trees.

At Versailles, about half an hour from Paris, one sees the beautiful park and château built by Louis XIV., and used by his successors as a royal residence. It was here that the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI., spent the happiest years of her life, and one is shown her suite of apartments in the palace, and the little corridor by which she strove to escape when the angry mob of revolutionists attacked the château.

The grounds of Versailles are very beautifully laid out in the artificial eighteenth-century style, and apart from the interest of the palace and its contents many people come here simply to wander through the park and gardens. There are some pretty lakes, a fine old

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orangery, with trees over two hundred years old, terraces and sunken gardens, and some wonderful and intricate fountains that play in a hundred fantastic ways. Some of these fountains are as large as good-sized reservoirs, and have as many as forty or fifty jets springing from the groups of statuary in and about them. There are so many of these fountains, and such an enormous volume of water is used when they play, that they are set in movement only about one Sunday a month during the summer. These days are always advertised, and long before four o'clock in the afternoon, when a gun gives the signal for the fountains to begin playing, a multitude of spectators will have already taken up their places to watch the display, just as one would watch a display of fireworks, and, indeed, the hissing of the waters and the smokelike jets rising so high in the air give one very much the same impression.

It is a relief after the artificial beauties of Versailles to visit one or other of the large forests which are within easy reach of Paris—Marly, St. Germain, Rambouillet, or Fontainebleau, the largest and most beautiful of all. Here one is in the midst of wild and beautiful scenery, rocky gorges, exquisite valleys, and slopes covered with bracken and huge grey boulders. It is possible to wander all day in the depths of the forest and meet no living thing save the deer and rabbits and squirrels. The deer one sees but rarely, for they are really wild, not like the half-tame deer one sees in so many large parks, and so shy that they will fly at the faintest warning of approach.

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There are, of course, many carriage-roads, but it is easy to avoid these and keep to the smaller pathways and alleys. The forest is so large that one might be easily lost there if it were not for the signposts and the tiny blue marks one sees here and there on the rocks. These denote a footpath, much as a coast-guard's path is blazed out by white stones on the cliff, only that these marks are so unobtrusive that it takes some searching to find them. By looking for them at intervals, however, and following them up, one is sure of coming out sooner or later upon a travelled road.

Right in the heart of the forest is Barbizon, the tiny old-fashioned village made famous by the artist Jean François Millet and his school. You are probably familiar with the engravings of many of Millet's pictures, especially "The Angelus," which is world-famous. It was at Barbizon that most of his pictures were painted, and the house where he lived and died stands midway in the little quiet village street. Rousseau is another French artist who has made Barbizon famous.

There is a hotel in the village, where the dining-room walls are covered with sketches and paintings made by different artists who have at one time or another stopped there. Some are painted actually on the wall itself, and others are done on wooden panels, afterwards let into the wainscotting; and when you stop there the proprietor and his staff are very anxious that you should admire all their treasures.

Chantilly, which lies in an opposite direction from

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Fontainebleau and its district, is another place very much visited, both on account of its famous château and also the extensive training-stables for racehorses which are situated there. Here of a morning one can see the beautiful, fine-limbed colts being taken for exercise on the grassy spaces by the outskirts of the forest, or led home in strings, closely blanketed. through the street of the little town, which is generally full of English trainers and jockeys employed at the stables.

The château is very picturesque, and in the moat which surrounds it live some of the very largest carp I have ever seen. People make a speciality of feeding them from the bridge, and the carp are so powerful and voracious that a whole loaf of bread dropped into the water will be torn to pieces and devoured in a few seconds. It is fun to watch them pushing and quarrelling among themselves for the biggest fragments. There are one or two stalls near by that sell bread specially for the carp, and they always ply a brisk trade.

Even the longest summer day has its ending, and towards nightfall the railway-stations are thronged again with the same crowd who set out in the early morning, a little tired, a little dusty, the small children dragging their feet, and the babies already asleep on comfortable shoulders, not unwilling, the day's outing over, to be back in the welcoming, lamp-lit streets of the Paris they love, and carrying the big sheaves of wild flowers and blossoming sprays which will last them all through the week to the next holiday.